AUGUST, 1900.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Although Mr. James Huneker's present position before the general reading public dates from the publication of *Mezzotints in Modern Music,* among newspaper men he has long been known as one of the ablest, most acute and most sympathetic of American critical writers. He has been working at journalism since he was fifteen years of age—over twenty-five years—but at various times during this period he has devoted himself to other occupations and studies. At one time he thought of entering the Roman Catholic priesthood, aspiring, as he himself expresses it, "to carry off the combined laurels of Bossuet and Franz Liszt. Men who fail at everything become bad critics. I am a bad music critic—I love music too much to tell the truth about the emotional 'fakehood' of the art." Now, this is a point upon which we wish flatly to contradict Mr. Huneker.

Mr. Huneker is by birth a Philadelphian. One of his grandfathers was a Hungarian and a musician, the other an Irishman, a poet, and also vice-president of the Fenian Brotherhood some time in the early seventies. Intended for the Jesuits, the author of *Chopin* studied law, went to Paris, there studied the piano with the late Theodore Ritter, returned to New York and continued his musical studies with Rafael Joseffy, at the same time earning his living as a newspaper writer. He was for a long time the musical critic of the *Recorder,* and for five years was associated with Harry Neagle in the conduct and writing of the daily dramatic column of the paper called *The Prompter.* After leaving the *Recorder,* he was two years with the *Morning Advertiser* when that journal was under the direction of Mr. Foster Coates. His connection with the *Musical Courier* dates from 1887. He is now the associate editor of that interesting and authoritative weekly, besides writing the columns signed "Raconteur." He taught for ten years with Joseffy at the National Conservatory of Music.

JAMES HUNEKER.

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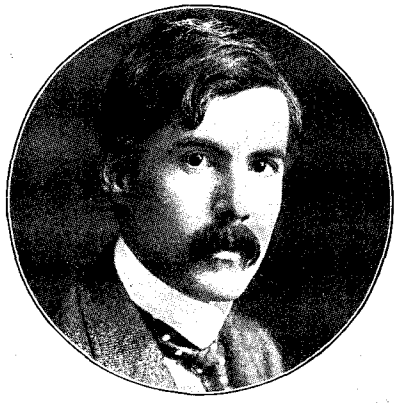


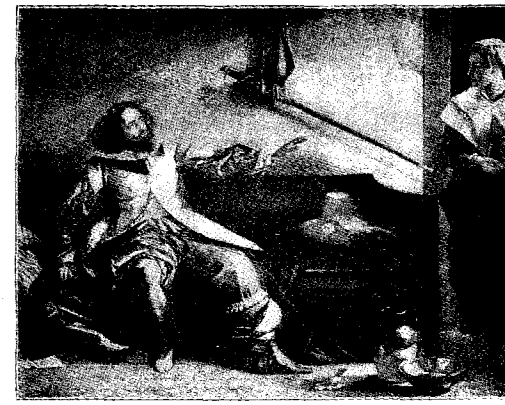
NORMAN DUNCAN.

Despite the fact that New York on the broadest scale as a great cosmopolitan city has never been adequately treated by a novelist, there have been a great many very charming stories written about certain phases of its life. We have had picturesque and romantic tales of the old French quarter to the south of Washington Square from the pens of Mr. Janvier and Mr. Bunner and others; Mr. Cahan has written of the Ghetto, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Norr of Chinatown, and Mr. Thomas, in his recently published *The Last Lady of Mulberry,* has given us considerable insight into the curious life among the Italians down by the Bend. It would seem as if, under the circumstances, the foreign population of New York had been pretty well covered by the literary seeker for originality. However, a book is announced for the autumn which deals with a quarter which until the present time has been ignored in fiction. New Yorkers who have spent any time roaming about the lower end of Manhattan Island cannot have failed to notice the curious little colony of Syrians in Washington Street. A collection of stories of this colony by Mr. Norman Duncan is soon to be published under the title *The Soul of the Street.*

Mr. Duncan is another native of Canada engaged in literary work in this country. He was born at Brantford, Ontario, July 2, 1871, and was educated at the University of Toronto. He began newspaper work in 1895 as a reporter on the *Bulletin* at Auburn, New York. After two and a half years' service with that journal, he joined the reportorial staff of the New York *Evening Post.* His first work for this paper was an interview with the anarchist, Most. During the Spanish-American War, Mr. Duncan received the assignment at Montauk Point, where he was thrown much in the society of Colonel Roosevelt, and in consequence was afterward selected to write the news of the Roosevelt campaign for governor. During the last year his position on the *Post* has been quite unique. He declined the chance to become assistant city editor of that paper, as desk work had little attraction for him, and at his own suggestion he became a writer of "specials."

It was while doing this work that he began to explore the various "quarters" of the city, not from mere curiosity, but because he keenly saw and appreciated their artistic side. The Syrian quarter in especial appealed to him. He became intimate with the principal men of the colony, and formed friendships with several of the leaders. Disputes were referred to him for settlement, and his advice was sought and followed. In a word, he became a power in "Little Syria." When the Turkish Minister came to this city from Washington and visited the quarter, Mr. Duncan was present at the request of the leaders. He made the principal speech of the evening, and presented to the Turkish representative the requests of certain ambitious Syrians.

A writer in an English contemporary urges the formation of a museum of



DICKENS AS CAPTAIN BOBADIL IN "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

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Dickens's mementoes—a museum which should consist of manuscripts and autograph letters from and to Dickens, portraits of himself and family, a complete series of his printed works in all editions, and personal mementoes and belongings; all the piracies, imitations and forgeries of his works. A fine Dickens collection formed by a Mr. Hughes of Birmingham was recently dispersed in London. There is, however, a very fair collection owned by Dickens's biographer and friend, Mr. John Forster, but it is too far away from the heart of London and is poorly arranged.

Mr. Hughes's collection, although not very large, contains some interesting items—a bowler-hat and a collar belonging to Charles Dickens, many editions of scarce Dickensiana, and numerous portraits of the novelist. One of the most interesting is that of Dickens as Captain Bobadil in *Every Man in His Humour.*

Of this excursion into stageland Forster writes:

When Dickens was about twenty, during his vegetation as reporter for an office in Doctors' Commons, he believed he had a capacity for the stage, and wrote to Bartley, stage-manager of Covent Garden, stating his age and exactly what he thought he could do—that he had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in his own person what he observed in others. The authorities must have been struck with this letter, for an answer came with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's he pleased before Bartley and Charles Kemble on a certain day at the theatre. However, on the day appointed the future novelist was laid up with a terrible cold and an inflammation of the face. Dickens wrote to say so, and that he would renew his application next season. Immediately after this, the *Chronicle* opened to him; he began to write, gradually left off turning his thoughts to the stage, and never resumed the idea.

DOLLY VARDEN.
Very rare lithograph, after Frith.

DICKENS'S DESPATCH BOX.

Dickens had been a great playgoer during this period—had visited Mathews's "at homes" for three or four years. He practised immensely such things as walking in and out and sitting down in a chair—four, five, six hours a day. He made for himself a system for learning parts, and learned a great number. This early training was of much use to him in 1845, when he and his friends determined to get up a play. They engaged Miss Kelly's Theatre, now the Royalty, in Dean Street, and an amusing letter from Dickens shows the difficulties they had to overcome:

Heavens! Such a scene as I have had here with Miss Kelly this morning! She wanted to put us off until the theatre should be cleaned and brushed up a bit, and she would and she would not, for she is eager to have us, and alarmed when she thinks of us. By the foot of Pharaoh, it was a great scene, especially when she choked and had the glass of water brought!

They had chosen *Every Man in His Humour,* and the company included the leaders of *Punch,* Jerrold (Master Stephen), Lemon (Brainworm), Leech (Master Matthew), A'Beckett (William), and Mr. Leigh (Oliver Cobb). Mr. Forster was Kitely, and Dickens

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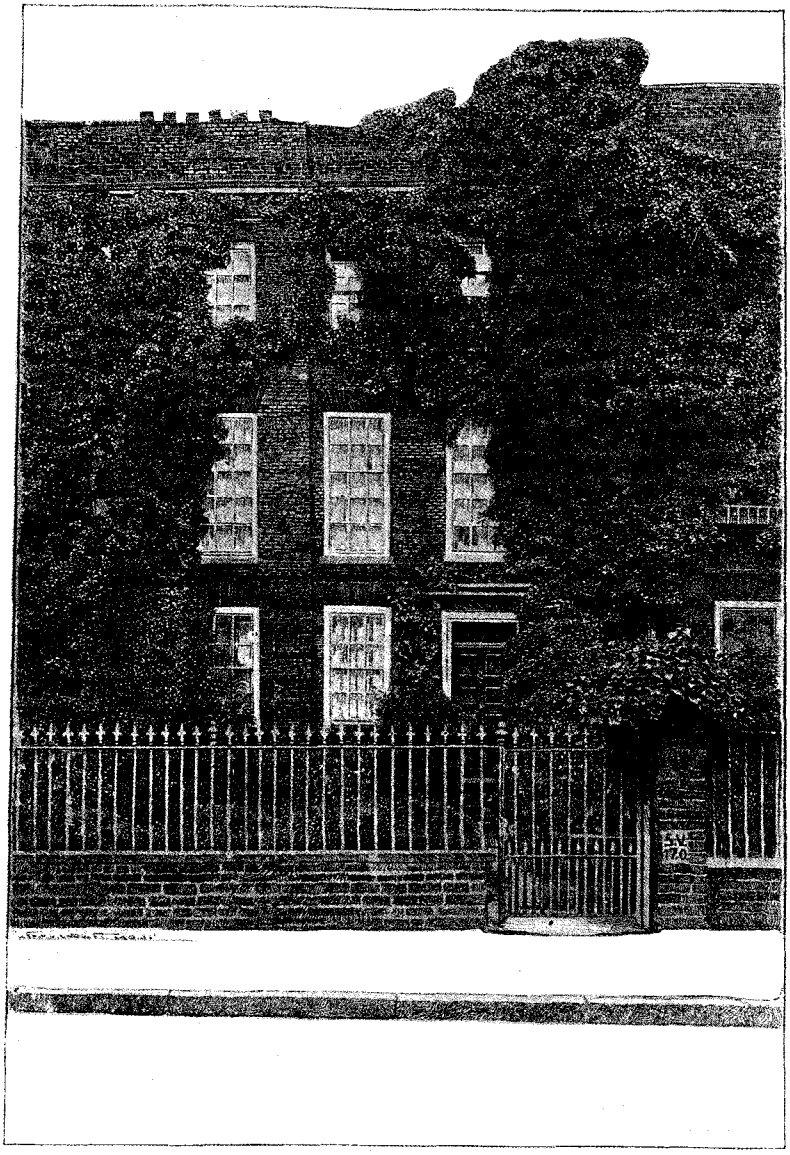

NO. 8 PARK SHOT, RICHMOND, WHERE GEORGE ELIOT WROTE "ADAM BEDE."

Bobadil. The play was performed on September 21 with tremendous success, and turned their little enterprise into one of the small sensations of the day. After a week or two they were forced, by general demand, to give a more public performance in a larger theatre. Mr. Forster further criticises Dickens:

Though he had the title to be called a born comedian, the turn for it being in his very nature, his strength was rather in the vividness and variety of his assumptions than in the completeness, finish or ideality he could give to any part of them. . . . But greatly as his acting contributed to the success of the night, this was nothing to the service he rendered as manager. He took the whole on himself, and did it without an effort. He was stage-manager, stage-carpenter, scene-arranger, property-man, prompter and bandmaster. He adjusted scenes, assisted carpenters, invented costumes, devised play-bills and wrote out calls.

Frith was quite a young man, but rapidly rising into fame, when in 1843 he made a great success with a portrait of

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the locksmith's charming daughter in *Barnaby Rudge*. This was painted for Frank Stone, from whom it was bought by Forster, who bequeathed it to the nation, and it is now in the South Kensington Museum. Of this Frith painted two replicas. On seeing this portrait, which he called "Dolly with the Bracelet," Dickens was so taken with it as to commission another of the same subject, together with a companion, "Kate Nickleby." The price paid was £20 apiece, that being the artist's charge. On Dickens's going to view the completed pictures, he said "they were exactly what he meant." This, of course, delighted Frith, and led to a friendship which lasted till death. The artist also painted Dickens's portrait for Mr. Forster, which now hangs near the painting of Dickens's charming creation. The "Dolly Varden" painted for Dickens has never been engraved. Frith made a preliminary study for the figure half-length to below the waist. This study was bought by Sir R. Rawlinson, who allowed (without asking Frith's permission) "a most villainous chromo-lithograph" to be made from it. That the artist did not always entertain such an aversion for this reproduction is attested by a note on the one (now become excessively rare) which I illustrate from the Hughes collection:

This is a very good chromo-lithograph from the first study for the picture painted by me for the late Charles Dickens.

(Signed) W. P. Frith.

Dec. 22, 1884.

The original completed pictures hung in the dining-room of Dickens's house, and never left his possession from the time they were painted until his death, when Dolly fetched at the sale a thousand guineas and Kate two hundred guineas. Frith painted four pictures of Dolly, besides replicas—the first, "Dolly with the Bracelet," engraved by C. E. Wagstaffe in 1843; the second, painted for Dickens, never engraved; the third, engraved in mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds; the fourth, "Dolly Varden and Emma Haredale," engraved by S. W. Reynolds and Shury in 1845. Another interesting memento of the great novelist is the famous despatch box, of which he writes to Forster from America on his second visit in 1867:

The treatment of luggage is perfectly outrageous. Nearly every case I have is already broken. When we started from Boston yesterday, I beheld, to my unspeakable amazement, Scott, my dresser, leaning against the wall of the car and *weeping bitterly*. It was over my smashed writing-desk. Yet the arrangements for luggage are excellent if the porters were not beyond description reckless.

Another interesting English literary landmark is soon to disappear. This is Number 8 Park Shot, Richmond, where George Eliot wrote *Adam Bede*. George Eliot and Mr. Lewes went to reside in this house about the beginning of October, 1855. It was their home for more than three years, and while here she completed some of her most memorable literary work, including her *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede*. The former work was begun on September 22, 1856, the latter on October 22 of the following year. The house is soon to be pulled down.

Much has been said of the fascination exercised by ugly men, suggests an English contemporary. In some, like Cyrano de Bergerac, it has been a case of their swords exceeding the length of their noses; in others, the charm has been more difficult to define. Take the late G. H. Lewes, who was notoriously plain. Mrs. Lynn Linton, the implacable on so many subjects, wrote: "Frankly sensual, frankly self-indulgent and enjoying, he was the born Epicurean—the natural Hedonist. Life to him meant love and pleasure; and he had that bright and expansive quality which makes pleasure and finds it everywhere. In work and in idleness, in the *sans façon* of Bohemianism and in the more orderly amusements of conventional society, in scientific discussion and in empty persiflage, he was equally at home, and wherever he went there was a patch of intellectual sunshine in the room. . . . The brightness and versatility of Lewes and the wonderful expressiveness of his eyes made one forget the unlovely rest." Charlotte Brontë, who, by the way, gave Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre* a "decisive nose, more remark-

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able for character than beauty," wrote June 12, 1850: "I have seen Lewes, too. . . . I could not feel otherwise to him than half sadly, half tenderly—a queer word that last, but I use it because the aspect of Lewes's face almost moves me to tears: it is so wonderfully like Emily's —her eyes, her features, the very nose, the somewhat prominent mouth." Under this passage Mr. Shorter prints the few words omitted by Mrs. Gaskell in a footnote to his new edition of the *Life*. As Mr. Meredith says, "Earth makes all sweet."

Mr. Ronald Macdonald, who has made a promising *début* as a novelist in a story recently published, has had a somewhat adventurous career. For some time he was a teacher in British Columbia. On his return to this country, he took up the profession of an actor, and he is married to a near relative of the Kendals. Mr. Macdonald has also written several plays, but so far as we know none of them has as yet been produced. His father, Dr. George Macdonald, is considerably better this summer, and is able to recognise the members of his family and to converse with them a little. The melancholy which so oppressed him for some time has passed away.

Mr. W. B. Yeats is working at his important book on the folklore of Galway. He also hopes to finish by and by a new novel. This will be welcome, but his contemporaries will hope that Mr. Yeats will give the best of his mind to poetry.

The Lecture Agency of London has now grown into a great organisation, and issues a very handsome prospectus. Nearly all the popular lecturers of the day are numbered in its lists. There are not many of them. Of literary, historical, and biographical, there are thirteen; miscellaneous number six, science and natural history account for nineteen, and travel and geography for the same number. Of musical lectures there are nine, but the number of entertainers and musicians is fairly large. Madame Sarah Grand lectures on "The Art of Happiness" and on "Mere Man." Ian Maclaren regrets that he will not be able to accept any lecturing engagements during this season. Probably next season he may find it possible to devote a limited amount of his time to lectures. Mr. Zangwill has two subjects—"Fiction the Highest Form of Truth" and "The Ghetto." The Rev. Charles Clark is still very successful on the platform. We are told that many societies invite him regularly year after year. The Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter offers a choice of no fewer than ten subjects, and one of Mr. Archer's themes is "Some Living English Poets."

If advice to aspiring novelists comes in the shape of *Punch's* advice to those about to get married, says the London *Literary World,* it is not likely to have much weight. Gustav Freytag, the Sir Walter Scott of German literature, is said to have given the following advice to a young and aspiring novelist:

> Even if you possessed the greatest poetical power, and a talent for narrative as great as that of Walter Scott, Dickens and others of the best, you ought not at present to think of putting your scientific studies into the background and risk your future existence on novel-writing or other poetical activity. You must first, by serious work and the position it may make for you among your fellow-men, ripen to manhood, and you must gain a certain mastery over life before you can have the right to idealise in an artistic work the fate of man. On the path you are now inclined to follow you will only reap disappointment and probably a speedy decline of your powers. In the empty and uncertain existence of an "authon" you will only learn to know the time imperfectly and from the wrong side. Observation alone does not educate a man; it needs, above all, a firm position in a circle of worldly interest and clear duties. As a young author, you would, after a half success, only be able to gain a tolerably secure place as a journalist, a profession very unfavourable to artistic creation. My warning is the result of what I have observed during my life of the fate of many young writers, and it is a truth which I have repeatedly had cause to state; for the number of those who, like you, would like to choose the pleasant game of free invention instead of the self-denial and exertion of scientific research is very great. Whether your talent is strong enough to support your whole life, I can say as little as any other man. If the impulse you have lasts, and the strength

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to carry it out, it will in any case break through all obstacles; and if you now do your nearest duty perfectly, you may trust the future.

Mr. Bret Harte's new book, *From Sand Hill to Pine,* is of interest to us, first of all, because one of the stories of the volume, "What Happened at the Fonda," renews our acquaintance with that delightful exponent of pioneer gallantry and persiflage, the matchless Starbottle. It is true that the part played by the Colonel is not one of primary importance, and after the first few pages of the tale he retires to the background with a sense of modesty and of self-effacement that is just a little surprising, but as the brief glimpses we have show him in pursuit of a "devilish pretty woman, sir—a d—d fascinating creature," sipping the usual fragrant julep, and offering "personal satisfaction" to any aggrieved gentleman, there is no doubt that the "war horse of the Democracy" retains and will retain to the end all the fire and eloquence of his younger days. It is not the best of Mr. Harte that we are getting now. There is just a little bit of monotony in his work, but the fertility of his invention is not the less surprising. The fund of material which he stored up in the early California days seems practically inexhaustible, and as every incident and situation is apparently capable of being twisted into half a dozen different forms, Mr. Harte's production is in a way unlimited.

There are six stories in the present collection, and all of them will be found entertaining by those who enjoy Bret Harte to that happy degree where any sort of repetition is welcome. And we believe that Mr. Harte has a great many such readers. One peculiarity of his work is that while, with a very few exceptions, one of his stories is the same as another, and as an individual tale is as quickly forgotten, there is not one but contributes something to his influence, so dominant and unmistakable is his atmosphere. The feeblest and most perfunctory rehash of the old situations and complications is almost certain to contain some flash of humour, some bit of description that make it, in its way, lasting.

There is a little weekly paper published in England called the *Literary World.* It is normally a nice, unobtrusive, inoffensive little publication, at times rather entertaining, and really quite worth the modest penny for which its publishers furnish it to the public. This usually well-behaved paper, however, is subject to occasional attacks in which it sadly lapses into bad manners. On such occasions it perks up its head and breaks forth in shrill denunciation. For Mr. Kipling it has a proper admiration, although, of course, this is a purely imitative admiration due to the fact that Mr. Kipling has been rather the cock of the literary walk for some time past, and that it consequently behooves little literary journals to look up to him with wholesome awe. Some paragraphs that we printed in the March number of THE BOOKMAN inspired the *Literary World* to yowl, and some other paragraphs on the same subject in the June BOOKMAN caused it to strut mightily and to behave rather badly.

In the first place, it jumps to conclusions. THE BOOKMAN, it thinks, says that the Mr. Kipling of to-day is inferior to the Mr. Kipling of four or five years ago simply because of the attitude he has taken in regard to the war in South Africa. "If Mr. Kipling had been a pro-Boer," ventures the *Literary World,* "how he might have been boomed in America! As he isn't, he must be content to endure the mosquito bites of these venomous opponents of Imperialism." Then the ingenious literary journal takes up another paragraph in the same number of THE BOOKMAN, and brandishes it triumphantly as finally clinching the matter of the writer's antipathy to the cause espoused by Mr. Kipling. This was really very subtle. Only the *Literary World* made a slight mistake. The paragraphs about Mr. Kipling and the paragraphs about the Boer War were written by two different persons, neither of whom had the slightest idea what the other was about to write.

We concede that, to a certain extent, the Boer War was responsible for what we wrote about Mr. Kipling, but not in the way in which the London *Literary*

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World thinks. Mr. Kipling's political opinions, purely as political opinions, are his own, and not common property. Certainly they are not the best subject for discussion in a literary journal. When, however, they inspire him to such sloppy work as he has lately been guilty of, the whole aspect of the case is changed and the result and the inspiration are alike proper topics for literary argument.

❧

Since writing the above paragraphs we have read the latest story from Mr. Kipling's pen. It is entitled "The Outsider," and is "a story of the Boer War, written from the field." Underneath the "Rudyard Kipling" which follows the title are the words, "author of *The Day's Work, The Jungle Book, Stalky & Co.,* etc." Eliminating *The Jungle Book* and the "etc.," the line is eminently fitting. The Mr. Kipling who wrote "The Outsider" is very distinctively the Mr. Kipling of *The Day's Work* and of *Stalky & Co.* "The Outsider" is the story of two men—one, a Gentleman Cadet, who knew his drills, and honestly believed that they covered the whole art of war; the other, a shrewd, keen, hardworking engineer, to whom Time, Circumstance and Necessity brought "from eight to twelve hours work a day—shifting, varying, but insistent." Fate and "one old gentleman who knew his own mind" brought these two together, the first as commander of a little frontier station, the second as a volunteer private under his command. Lieutenant Walter Setton did not approve of Private Thrupp, the unbuttoned man with the rampant voice. Thrupp, to his mind, was an "outsider," and his life and training had taught him to despise the outsider. This disapproval leads to a catastrophe, of which Lieutenant Setton does not at first appreciate the gravity. He learns, however, upon the arrival of a Colonel of Engineers, and the words of the sentry who overheard that interesting interview are the most striking and characteristic bit of work in the whole story:

"Gawd 'as been 'eavenly good to me," he said later to fifteen comrades. "I've 'eard quite a few things in my time. I've 'eard Duke 'imself pass the time o' day to an 'orse battery that turned up on the wrong flank in the Long Valley. I've 'eard a Brigadier on Salisbury Plain rope's endin' a volunteer aide-de-cong 'oo couldn't ride, an' asked questions. I 'eard 'Smutty' Chambers lyin' be'ind an ant-'ill at Modder gettin' sunstroke. I've 'eard what General —— said when the cavalry was too late at Stinkersdrift. But all that was 'Let me kiss 'im for 'is mother' to wot I 'eard this mornin'. The' wasn't any common damn-your-eyes routine to it. Palling, 'e just felt about with 'is fingers till 'e'd found that little beggar's immortal soul—'e did. An' then 'e blew 'is nose on it like a bloomin' 'andkerchief an' then 'e threw it away. Swore at 'im? No. You chaps don't follow me. It was chronic. That's what it was—just chronic!"

❧

If this story had been written by some obscure young writer, we should unhesitatingly say that it was a tale of considerable promise. But coming from Mr. Kipling it only goes more strongly to confirm the opinions that we have already expressed. It is curious to note that Mr. Kipling reaches his greatest height in the bit of vulgarity which we have just quoted. It is about as extreme as a remarkable description by Mulvaney of his impressions after waking from a drunken sleep. This description we shall not quote here. Between the two, however, there is the difference that the earlier bit of writing was perfectly natural and spontaneous, while the latter is obviously laboured and forced.

❧

Mr. George Moore, according to the London *Academy,* has finished the first writing of his novel *Sister Teresa.* The book, we are informed, is not a sequel to *Evelyn Innes. Sister Teresa* was contained in the original idea, and the publication of *Evelyn Innes* was decided on because the book had lengthened out to five hundred pages, and Mr. Moore's publisher felt that novels of a thousand pages in length would demand some new form of publication not easy to devise. *Sister Teresa* will be as long, or nearly as long, as *Evelyn Innes,* and when the two books are brought together, as Mr. Moore hopes they will ultimately be, the story of *Evelyn Innes* will be the longest novel ever written about one character, for together the two books will contain about three hundred thousand words. As soon as *Sister Teresa* is finished, Mr. Moore will begin to rewrite *Evelyn Innes.* The two books will be published

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together, probably in the spring of next year.

"Who invented the circulating library?" queries an English contemporary. Mr. Archibald Clark, who tries to answer this question in the *Library,* is properly cautious. Hints and projects there may have been in abundance before the Rev. Samuel Fancourt started his circulating library in Crane Court, Fleet Street, next door to the Royal Society, about 1740 or 1742. Fancourt was a Nonconformist minister at Salisbury, who was driven up to London by some quarrel with his congregation. Author, schoolmaster, and librarian, he struggled along for many years in London. Time has saved few particulars of his methods of working the library, which was governed by a committee. The subscription was a guinea a year at first, but it was considerably reduced later. Fancourt seems to have got together about three thousand volumes, and to have attracted many subscribers, but in the end things went badly with him, and he died in Hoxton, under the care of religious people, in his ninetieth year. The details of his work in Crane Court are few and vague, and the interest of Mr. Clark's article would have been increased if he had given the titles of some of the more typical books in Fancourt's catalogue, for he compiled a catalogue.

We wish to make an explanation with regard to a signed review of Mr. Davis's novel entitled *A Friend of Cæsar,* which appeared in the last number of THE BOOKMAN. The concluding paragraph of that review was not written by the lady over whose signature it appears, and in consequence she is in no wise responsible for the opinion contained in it. Her signature, therefore, should have been omitted, thus making us editorially responsible for the entire review. It has been intimated to us also that the last paragraph was somewhat sweeping in its phraseology, and we have been asked to reconsider it on that ground. We have no objection to doing so; because when you come to questions of classical archæology in combination with fiction, accuracy becomes purely relative. It would be easy for us to go through *A Friend of Cæsar,* as it first came from the press, and to cavil over many of its archæological and historical details, but what would be the use? Mr. Davis was not writing a treatise on archæology, but a novel; and as he has given us a very good one, it would perhaps be rather ungracious, as it would certainly be pedantic, to view it through the microscope of the specialist.

Speaking of classical subjects reminds us of a horrid rumour that has come to us to the effect that a well-known American scholar is preparing to renew a discussion which every one had imagined to be happily closed forever. It is said that he is preparing a monograph or dissertation or tract or pamphlet or something of the sort, written to advocate a return to the English method of pronouncing Latin. If the report be actually true, it will compel us to a reluctant belief that the scholar in question is simply yearning for a scholastic sensation. He doubtless *would* receive a vast amount of advertising; but the ultimate effect of it upon his scholarly reputation could hardly be just the sort of thing that he would care about. Personally, however, we should view the appearance of his monograph or dissertation or tract or pamphlet or whatever it is, not only with equanimity, but with joy—the joy of a reviewer who finds exactly the kind of book over which he can both brighten up his intellectuals and bring forth the choicest vintage of his vocabulary.

We don't think that there is going to be very much political oratory this year of a sort that will particularly count. The presidential candidates being the same as before, and the issues not being very different, and the nation being already proleptically bored, the campaign speakers are bound to have a hard time of it. This was obvious enough in the proceedings of the two great conventions, in neither one of which was anything said that was worth remembering. The Democrats, perhaps wisely, made no attempt at eloquence; and in the Republican Convention, only Senator Lodge and Mr. Depew tried it. Mr. Depew's was the best speech of all, though it had the misfortune to be very imperfectly

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reported, owing, we hear, to the fact that he spoke without notes; and so the reporters, who only half took it down, practically had to write it out afterward from memory. Mr. Depew, however, made the fatal mistake of not stopping when he had finished. He had reached an effective climax and had really said all that was in his mind to say; but just then he allowed the enthusiasm of his hearers to lure him on to further speaking, so that his effort flatted out dreadfully in an anticlimax. About the best thing that has been lately uttered in the way of a political phrase is a remark ascribed to Senator Platt, of this State, to whom the world has not been accustomed to look for epigrams. For once, however, he said something that had considerable literary merit when, in answer to a question about the vice-presidential situation, he replied (with Mr. Woodruff in his mind), "Well, it seems to be tapering down to Tim." The alliteration is Lucretian, Swinburnian, beautiful.

One thing gives us a certain amount of comfort. This campaign is not going to vulgarize and render unfit for use many fine old adjectives. "Peerless" was thoroughly degraded four years ago, so that it can suffer no new humiliation this year; and "matchless," which is now being dragged about, is not an adjective of the first class, so that we don't care what happens to it. We shall keep our eyes wide open, however, for all the literary curiosities of the campaign.

From the *Evening Post* of July 10th:

> The point we make is that the party convention is fast becoming a Frankenstein in the hands of the party that nominally creates and controls it.

Patiently but somewhat wearily we remind the *Post* that Frankenstein was not the monster in Mrs. Shelley's story, but was the creator of the monster and its victim. The *Post* has made this pitiful mistake before and we have corrected it before. Probably it will make it again and we shall again correct it.

Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel, *The Reign of Law,* is one which, we fancy, will provoke considerable discussion and protest. The hero of the story is a young theological student who, beginning his life with the most devout and deep-rooted faith, becomes in time so alienated from the creed which he aims to preach that he openly questions and defies his preceptors, and goes back thoroughly embittered and doubting to the hemp-fields of his early boyhood. This spirit of doubt is maintained to the end. Love comes into his life, but it in no way brings him back to his early belief, and the end of the story leaves David a doubter. As we have said, we confidently expect that the book will be vigorously denounced in many quarters. We shall have occasion to speak of it again in an article on Mr. Allen's literary work and on that part of Kentucky which inspired him to this work. This paper will be printed in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN. By the way, *The Reign of Law* prompts us to express our opinion that now that the historical novel has about run its course for the time being, the next two or three years will witness the vogue of the religious novel. *The Reign of Law* is the second novel of this kind that has appeared within the last few months. Mr. Goss was a pioneer with *The Redemption of David Corson,* a book which continues to enjoy a large sale.

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HERE AND THERE

I.

The two great National Conventions of the present year have been held, and their work has passed into recorded history. Both gatherings were almost devoid of any genuine and spontaneous enthusiasm; and for the reason that in each the principal nomination had long been a foregone conclusion. Where there is no contest there can be no great excitement. Of course, there was the usual scene which has now become a political stereotype—the scene in which all the delegates and the hired *claque* march about, howling mechanically under the watchful and remorseless eye of some political leader who regulates and stimulates and times the manufactured enthusiasm, so that the "demonstration" shall last for at least as many minutes as such a "demonstration" lasted on some previous occasion. The whole thing is so utterly absurd, and it forms such a pitiful contrast to those marvellous scenes when Blaine and Grant were names to conjure with, and when excitement swept like a wildfire over men who would gladly have died upon the spot to win a victory for their chosen chieftains! In those days there was the spectacle of giants battling in the arena; and among their followers there was faith, there was devotion, there was passion. But now, in one Convention Mr. Mark Hanna, and in the other Mr. Jones, smugly direct the rendition of a protracted bellowing which has no profounder meaning than the blast of a steam calliope on a picnic steamer.

In each Convention the real interest centred in the nominations for the Vice-Presidency. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, in the face of his repeated declaration that he would not be a candidate, is politically interesting; yet its psychological interest is even greater. From a political point of view, and looking at it in the most obvious way, the whole thing is very simple. Mr. Roosevelt desired to serve another term as Governor of New York, and he did *not* wish to be Vice-President. His enemies, or at least those men whose interests were opposed to his, did not wish him to be Governor again, and they did desire him to become Vice-President. From the standpoint of the public interest, it was better for Mr. Roosevelt to remain Governor, because his successor was certain to be a man of much less independence, fairness and public spirit than himself. Moreover, his name was not needed to give strength to the Republican ticket in view of the fact that such men as Senator Allison and Secretary Long were available, and of the other fact that Republicans honestly believe this year to be a "yellow-dog year," in which any one who runs upon their ticket can be easily elected. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt cherishes the perfectly legitimate ambition to be elected President; and this ambition, if history be true, would be much better served did he remain Governor than if he were to be elected to the Vice-Presidency. Therefore, both as a matter of public duty and of private interest, he himself felt that he should not take the nomination that was offered him at Philadelphia—least of all after having announced a dozen times in his most pugnacious manner that he had no intention of taking it and that nobody could make him take it.

Nevertheless, in spite of the facts, in spite of his own best judgment and of the judgment of his nearest friends, and in spite also of his own strenuous assertions, Mr. Roosevelt went down to Philadelphia, he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, and he took the nomination. Now why did he do it? Of course, there are all sorts of current explanations—explanations made by his personal friends, explanations made by his party friends, and explanations made by his political enemies. His personal friends will tell you that, having won a victory over Mr. Platt in compelling the New York delegation to present another candidate, and having thus shown that he was not to be cajoled or outmanœuvred by any one, Mr. Roosevelt, as a loyal son of his party, felt that he should subordinate his personal preferences to the enthusiastic desire of the whole Convention. His political friends will tell you very much the same thing, omitting, however, the little remark about Mr. Platt. His politi-

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cal enemies gleefully assert that he became badly "rattled," that he lost his head, that Mr. Platt dextrously manipulated the enthusiasm and yielded an unimportant point only to score a complete victory at the end, which, they say, he did; since the net result was that he eliminated Mr. Roosevelt from New York politics, forced him to eat his own words, and made him accept the candidacy for an office which is universally regarded as a synonym for political oblivion.

The whole truth is probably not to be found in any of these explanations, nor in all of them together. The talk about "subordinating his personal preferences to the will of his party" is the merest cant; for Mr. Roosevelt, before the Convention met, had said that this was just the one thing that he would not do. If, indeed, it was his duty to serve another term as Governor of New York, that duty did not become the less imperative merely because a lot of Kansans set up a terrific yowling and marched about the place with tufts of coloured pampas-grass on poles, and because a lot of other frantic persons joined them in their antics, and because a big brass band commenced to bray. On the other hand, it is not entirely credible that Mr. Roosevelt so completely lost his head as to forget entirely just what he was probably giving up in accepting the Vice-Presidential nomination. It is doubtful, however, whether he himself could quite accurately tell just what inextricable combination of motives and emotions overcame him in the one supreme moment when, beset on all sides by solicitation, by words of warning, by flattery and by threats, and stunned by the shouting of excited thousands, his mind wavered for an instant between No and Yes, and then yielded everything.

A conjectural analysis of his mental attitude at the moment may not be destitute of interest. Mr. Roosevelt, like every other man of pronounced individuality, has the defects of his qualities. He is, indeed, the grown-up boy of American politics; and if his boyishness accounts for much of his undoubted popularity, it accounts also for much in his career that has at times made the judicious grieve. If he has a boy's frankness and bluntness, he has also a boy's indiscretion. If he has a boy's audacity, he has also a boy's recklessness. If he has a boy's freshness of feeling and wholesomeness and energy, he has also a boy's love of approbation and a boy's self-consciousness and vanity. These latter qualities in him are not displeasing, for they are exceedingly naïve and inoffensive in their manifestation; and in many situations they may even be regarded as attractive. Yet it cannot be said that they are altogether harmless. Mr. Henry James somewhere remarks that one hardly looks for *naïveté* in a Jew; and we think it is quite as truly out of place in a politician; for, if it exists, it is bound to get him into trouble. Mr. Roosevelt, indeed, has reached the age and also the level of political importance at which mere boyishness begins to seem a little bit *bizarre;* and it is to these qualities which we have just enumerated that we must ascribe his actions at the Republican Convention.

So long as he stayed at Albany he was master of the situation. He was there, comparatively speaking, out of range of the thousand and one influences that could be focussed on him in Philadelphia. He was intrenched, as it were; he was Governor Roosevelt, first of all; he was the strenuous, firm, unflinching person that his admirers depicted him. About him was everything to suggest the very strong and satisfactory reasons why he should remain just where he was, and why he should stand by his declaration that he would take no other office. Had he remained in Albany and let an alternate represent him at Philadelphia, he would never have been nominated there. But this was too much wisdom, and it required too much self-restraint from a grown-up boy who dearly loves all that is spectacular in life and to whose ears enthusiastic salvos of applause are the very sweetest music in the world. As the time for the Convention drew near, he must have had many a silent conflict with the tempter, and the tempter had a wily tongue. Yes; on the whole he would go to the Convention. He would hear the shouting and the big brass band. He would show himself among his party's leaders. He would let everybody have

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a chance to gaze upon the Hero of San Juan. He would grasp by the hand his faithful Western friends. He would loom large upon the national horizon. But as for taking the Vice-Presidency—not he! Was he not strong enough to resist that siren song—he, a fighter, a Rough Rider, a man of iron will and muscular frame? Take the Vice-Presidency and go into oblivion? No man nor devil could force him to do that! But he would go to Philadelphia, he would enjoy his grand ovation, and he would come back bringing behind him a new trail of glory. In other words, he would both eat his cake and have it.

So Mr. Roosevelt went to Philadelphia; and with the imperfect taste and the defective wisdom of a grown-up boy, he wore his old slouch hat and the sort of garments that to the Western delegates would prove him to be no "dude." The first part of his expectation was beautifully realised. The Western delegations all went wild about him, and the Eastern delegations, being stimulated by the adroit manipulation of Mr. Roosevelt's wiliest opponent, shouted as loud as any of the others. Then it was that there was brought to bear the stern argument that no man is greater than his party, that no man can refuse the mandate of his party, but that, like a soldier, he must obey unquestioningly its commands. About him were no longer local politicians with whom he had so easily and contemptuously dealt at Albany; but in their place stood men of national eminence, leaders grown old in their country's service, past-masters in the shrewdest arts of the politician and in the keenest craft of the successful statesman; and in their presence and under their manipulation the young Governor's boyish self-confidence passed into a boyish bashfulness. Somehow or other, he began to feel that he was being whirled along by a resistless current against which his strongest strokes were futile. He was drawn this way and that way, he was bewildered on all sides by conflicting counsels; and there dawned upon him, perhaps, at last a glimmering perception that from being the central figure of the situation he was only one of many. His nerve undoubtedly was shaken; and then it may have flashed upon him that, after all, the Vice-Presidency is a great historic office which has been held by some of the most distinguished of American statesmen, that it was really in his grasp to take, if he would only say the word; and that his former schemes which had the White House as their plausible objective might, perhaps, be just a little visionary after all. Four years may constitute an epoch in political history; and should he go back as Governor and wait, he might wait only to be disappointed. For much can happen in four years. Four years would surely dim the lustre or at least the recollection of San Juan; and in four years, new issues and new popular heroes might readily arise to thrust him far into the background. A great certainty was offered him; a great possibility for the moment seemed less possible; and in that moment, with the crash of military music and the shouting of ten thousand voices throbbing in his ears, his old fixed purpose melted away like wax before the fire, and he spoke the word that must be to him the word of Destiny.

II.

As we write these lines the situation in the Far East appears to be one of portentousness and peril. Its combination of horror and remoteness and mystery makes a powerful appeal to the imagination. It is as though something that had appeared to be only a huge, inert, misshapen, lifeless mass had suddenly revealed itself as in reality a frightful monster thrusting its head a little way out of the impenetrable gloom, wherein one hears, although one cannot see, the writhing of its hideous coils. The unexpectedness of the Chinese defiance and, more than that, the demonstration of its latent power have been startling; and then the ominous silence that descended like a pall upon the whole scene, so that with all the great powers of the earth thundering at her gates no answer could be had from China save such as was given by the glare of flames and the countless rumours, originating no one knew where, but all of them fraught with hints of nameless horrors. Surely the past twelve months have taught the world some interesting lessons; yet the shock which came to England when she found that the indomitable farmers of

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South Africa had compelled her to put forth all her giant strength to crush them was as nothing to this greater shock which has sent a shudder through the nerve-centres of the whole white race. Not a few voices can be heard among us declaring that now at last the Yellow Peril is actually at hand, and that the sinister prophecies of alarmists like Lord Wolseley are approaching their fulfilment. China, they say, has finally awakened to a sense of her own strength; and with unlimited resources and a population of four hundred millions, she is facing the whole world in what must prove a grapple to the death.

All this is very picturesque, but it has only a slight relation to the existing facts. Were the people of China a homogeneous race, did there exist among them a highly centralised and efficient government, were they animated by one common national or racial or religious feeling, and had they been preparing for such a conflict through a period of many years, then one might well waste time in thinking of the Yellow Peril. But, as a matter of fact, not one of these hypotheses is true; and all that Europe and America have to meet is the armed opposition of some thousands of half-trained soldiers and of some hundreds of thousands of unarmed and untrained barbarians. That the allied forces before very long will smash their way through the opposition of these motley hordes is just as sure as anything that can be demonstrated by military mathematics. Pekin will be occupied; and that comparatively small portion of Northern China in which the fighting Manchus dwell will be placed under the control of foreign bayonets and foreign cannon. As to the international complications that may arise in the final settlement, that is quite another question, and they are only such complications as were bound in any case sooner or later to arise. One single point deserves consideration. In the final compensation of Japan for her share in the suppression of the outbreak, it will be a terrible mistake to grant her any foothold on the continent of Asia. Japan has entered into the family of civilised nations. She has adopted occidental customs and occidental training. She has availed herself of all the instruments of occidental power. Yet, none the less, at heart and in the spirit and the temper of her people she is oriental to the core. She makes use of Western wisdom, but she dislikes the Western peoples. There never has been and, indeed, there never will be any real sympathy or any real identity of interest between the Aryan and the non-Aryan, and they never can assimilate or be anything but enemies. Their modes of thought, their manner of living, their temperament, their ideals, are utterly antagonistic; and they cannot, in this world of ours which is growing smaller every day, live side by side on terms of amity and mutual good-will; but rather one must dominate the other by the irresistible argument of physical force. In the long run, it will be the white race against the brown race and the yellow; and it behooves the white race now to stop short of the perilous mistake of allowing the opposing races to unite. Give Japan a foothold in Corea or on the northern coast of China, and in twenty years she will have assimilated to her rule and to her training those millions that are now untaught, undisciplined, and, therefore, practically helpless against the power of the Caucasian. The quick intelligence of the Japanese and their gift for organisation would soon convert these millions into a mighty fighting nation whose battalions would be the equal in training and in equipment of the troops of Europe and America. It is then that the Yellow Peril would be something definite and tangible, and it would be then that the battle of Armageddon would have to be fought out. Let no one think that the Japanese as a people are friendly to those Western nations that have been their teachers. They do not like us; they merely use us. Elated by their success against the Chinese, five years ago, they feel themselves to be the military equals of any people in the world; and their national vanity is growing steadily into a national insolence which will know no check until the armies of Japan have met the armies of the West and have felt the shock of battle. When Russia with the aid of France and Germany compelled Japan to revise the treaty of Shimonoseki and to yield up all the Chinese territory that had been ceded to her as the result of her successful war, there were many who cried out against

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this act as one of arrogant brutality. Japan found many sympathisers; and in England and the United States especially she was regarded as a nation that had suffered highway robbery. But while the motives of Russia were undoubtedly the motives of pure selfishness, and while her blunt demands at Shimonoseki were certainly most arrogant, the policy which she pursued is none the less the policy which all the allied Western nations ought to bear in mind in dealing with Japan. Let her be compensated for her aid, but not in such a way as shall link her ingenuity, her activity and her ambition with the overwhelming material resources of the Chinese Empire. A little foresight, a little precaution, and even a little harshness now may save the world from being drenched with blood hereafter; and far-seeing statesmen of Europe and America will even at the present day keep steadily in mind that whatever else the future may bring forth, one conflict is inevitable. It is for them to do what in them lies to make the issue of that conflict confirm the white race in its splendid mastery of all mankind—supreme, triumphant and invincible.

H. T. P.

MEN AND WOMEN

How ill most women reckon men!
To hands fast bound by burdens not their own,
Stretching soft palms; resentful when
That bold fore rank must stand or fall alone.

Her inward look misunderstands
Too oft, the hill top of his wider view—
Too oft she broods in shadow lands,
While his wings flash between the sun and dew!

Facing the worst, he hopes the best;
Singing he works—while women bid him pray;
The wrong his busy arms arrest,
Her faith commits unto a higher way.

Her heart for passion's answer cries
Unto a heart, that for love's sake divides
Delight with duty; be he wise
His soul a secret hid in self abides.

Yet if she knew—would God she knew!
Through solitude, through folly and through strife,
Her touch keeps that lone spirit true
And hers the gift men part with last—their life!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THE MODERN SCHOOL OF CANADIAN WRITERS

Canada is still in the imitative stage. Her literati are not pioneers; they have struck no note of a startling originality. Yet, while the imitative note in Canadian literature is dominant, its makers have completed the harmony with variations full of graceful and original beauty, and woven about it a charm all their own. These saving touches are the germs of a national literature which cannot attain its flower until the restraints of a colonial allegiance are removed.

Those writers coming under immediate notice number more than a score. While the majority of them have already become identified with the cosmopolitan literature of the day, a few have not yet fully entered the republic of letters. Of

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the former there are the poets Lampman, Fréchette, Scott, Carman, Roberts, W. W. Campbell and Dr. Drummond. Grant Allen, Gilbert Parker, Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), Jean McIlwraith, Lily Dougall, William McLennan, E. W. Thomson, W. A. Fraser and Ernest Seton Thompson are the prose writers.

Mrs. Cotes has written some remarkably clever and refreshing novels describing the amusing adventures of ambitious young women who are filled with a desire to see the world and proceed to do so in a thoroughly nineteenth century fashion. Mrs. Cotes began her literary work as a newspaper woman, writing descriptive letters from New Orleans during the Cotton Centennial to the Buffalo *Courier* and the Toronto *Globe,* and doing special work for the Washington *Post,* the *Globe* and the Montreal *Star.* She has worked herself up from Newspaper Row to the ranks of the successful novelists of the day, and, as she humourously remarked to a friend, "I have a family of nine, and they are all self-supporting!"

The publication of the *Span o' Life* brought into prominence a writer who has already made a reputation in England, though not in the field of fiction. Miss Jean N. McIlwraith, who collaborated with William McLennan in writing the *Span o' Life,* has published a *Life of Shakespeare,* a *Life of Longfellow,* and also a *History of Canada.* Although Miss McIlwraith has shown ability in the writing of fiction, she prefers the more solid work. Her *Shakespeare* is one of the most comprehensive and delightful biographies we have. Miss McIlwraith has written a novel, *The Making of Mary,* published in England, and several short stories for American and English magazines, over the pen-name, "Jean Forsyth."

As an historical romancer, writer of short stories, and a scholarly translator of the delightful old French *chansons,* William McLennan ranks among the foremost writers of contemporary Canadian literature. First of all he is an excellent historian; his work, therefore, has the assurance of historical accuracy, and is graced with a delicate and artistic charm. Mr. McLennan has edited an edition of E. B. Brownlow's poems and written *Montreal and Some of the Makers Thereof;* also he has published two historical novels, *Spanish John* and *The Span o' Life,* a series of French-Canadian sketches, *A King for a Week, A Gentleman of the Royal Guard,* a monograph on Dulbut, the explorer, and several short stories dealing with the French Revolution, under the title, *As Told to His Grace.*

Miss Dougall has written seven novels. She has spent the greater part of her life in travel, and now lives at Braid Road, Edinburgh, Scotland. Her works are *Beggars All, What Necessity Knows, The Mermaid, The Zeit-Geist, A Question of Faith, A Madonna of a Day,* which appeared originally in *Temple Bar,* and *The Mormon Prophet.*

Mr. E. W. Thomson has been soldier, journalist, poet, romancer and editor. He has acquitted himself well in each rôle, which is saying not a little. He published a volume of short stories, *Old Man Savarin,* dealing with the *habitant,* and wrote, in collaboration with M. S. Henry, *Aucassin and Nicolette.* Mr. Thomson is now the editor of the *Youth's Companion.*

Mr. W. A. Fraser is a disciple of Kipling. The two men are close friends. They have chosen, in a measure, the same field, and while the former's work shows a deep impress of Kipling's influence, it has evidence as well of a strong and attractive originality. Mr. Fraser is a civil engineer; he has travelled extensively in America, Burmah and British India. In numerous magazine articles and *The Eye of a God*—a collection of sketches in Burmah and the Canadian Northwest—he has evinced a graphic power of embodying his impressions in vivid language. A Canadian critic's remark, that "Mr. Fraser is crisp, intense, concentrated, picturesque, and always dramatic," is a succinct summing up of a writer from whom we have every reason to expect work which will add materially to the building of Canadian literature.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, born at South Shields, England, studied at the Royal Academy, and, coming to this country, was chosen to illustrate the Century Company's *Encyclopædic Dictionary* as "the most capable draughtsman in America." Mr. Thompson is an Associate of the

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Royal Canadian Academy. He is the government naturalist of the Province of Manitoba, and has exhibited at the Paris Salon. Although but forty years old, he stands at the head of his profession, and has spent his life in a faithful and scientific study of his subject. In *Wild Animals I Have Known* the artist reveals a knowledge of animals which is the result of long study, experiment and sacrifice. He spends days and nights in the prairies, learning the language of the birds. He went to Texas in the interests of a New York firm which manufactured traps, and proceeded to rid a sheep ranch of the wolves that were destroying the cattle. Of course he succeeded. It took him weeks. It meant failure after failure. It meant an infinity of patience and tact. Mr. Thompson has also written *The Birds of Manitoba* and *The Zoölogy of Manitoba,* and has illustrated the second edition of McIlwraith's *Birds of Ontario.*

Another group of writers who have devoted themselves almost exclusively to Canada and the mother country are Pauline Johnson, Mrs. Francis Harrison, Marjory McMurchy, Marshall Saunders, "Ralph Connor" (Rev. C. W. Gordon), George Frederick Scott, J. Macdonald Oxley and Stuart Livingstone. Of these writers Mr. Oxley is the most voluminous. His forte is writing boys' books. Miss Pauline Johnson is the daughter of G. H. M. Johnson, head chief of the Mohawks, and of Emily Howells, a cousin of Mr. W. D. Howells. Miss Johnson's poetry, which has appeared chiefly in the Canadian magazines, is instinct with the Indian spirit.

As poet and romancer, Mrs. Harrison is a clever delineator of the *habitant's* quaint character. Under the pen name "Seranus" she published a book of poems, *Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lys,* and wrote a *habitant* character-study, *The Forest of Bourg-Marie,* to which her own name is signed.

Miss McMurchy is a short-story writer, and has contributed to the English and Canadian magazines, besides doing the book-reviewing on the *Canadian Educational Monthly.* The work she has done so far shows cleverness, and a certain skilful art of suggestion which is the essential quality of the short story. Miss Saunders is best known as the author of *Beautiful Joe,* a story written in behalf of the Humane Society, and having a great success. It has reached a circulation of two hundred thousand. Miss Saunders has also written a romance of modern Acadia, *Rose à Charlitte.*

The name of Ralph Connor, the author of *Black Rock, a Tale of the Selkirks,* and *The Sky Pilot, a Tale of the Foothills,* stands for some of the best work that has come to our notice in Canadian fiction. That the Rev. C. W. Gordon is the author's real name is generally known, although two voices from the East and West have cried their ignorance during the last month. The confession of the former, a woman supposed to be in touch with the literary news of the moment, that she had "found" a brand new writer in Ralph Connor, and a prophecy from the latter that "Ralph Connor is some man's pseudonym; the world will insist on knowing whose. The author of such a book has no right to conceal his identity behind a pen name," go to show that all critics do not know their business. We would remind the West that the world is quite aware of the fact; and the Eastern critic that she is considerably behind the times —which, in the East, is quite inexcusable.

Stuart Livingstone has written a book of poems, a novel, *Professor Paul,* and several short stories. Mr. Livingstone's profession, however, is that of a lawyer. He practises in Vancouver, British Columbia. George Frederick Scott, the curate of St. Matthew's, Quebec, has published three volumes of poetry, *The Soul's Quest, My Lattice and Other Poems,* and *The Unnamed Lake.* His work is suggestive of the cloth—which is quite right, coming from a young man who is a High Churchman and a poet as well. Mr. Scott's poem, *Wahonomin—Indian Hymn to the Queen,* is a picturesque and original tribute of the redskins to their

Great mother! from the depths of forest wilds,
From mountain pass and burning sunset plain,
We, thy unlettered children of the woods,
Upraise to thee the everlasting hymn
Of nature, language of the skies and seas,
Voice of the birds and sighings of the pine
In wintry wastes. We know no other tongue,

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Nor the smooth speech that, like the shining leaves,
Hides the rough stems beneath. We bring our song,
Wood-fragrant, rough, yet autumn-streaked with love,
And lay it as a tribute at thy feet.

Dr. William Henry Drummond, whose fame as an author rests on a book of verses written, many of them, underneath the bough, and called *The Habitant,* has two points in common with his fellow-writer, the late Grant Allen: he was by birth an Irishman, and by favour of the gods a versatile creature, who turned his hand to poetry, medical jurisprudence, rod and gun with equal ease. Fréchette calls him the "pathfinder of a new land of song," and the Canadian people seem to agree with their poet laureate in this appellation. The author of *The Habitant* has also written a song for Albani, "Le Grand Seigneur," and a "Habitant Jubilee Ode" for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. He was born at Currawn House, County Leitrim.

Mr. Arthur Stringer is the author of a collection of short stories, *The Loom of Destiny,* which deal with the child of the streets—not Canadian but New York streets. They are mere thumb-nail sketches, but the author has caught the spirit and colouring of this pathetic phase of city life very truthfully. He has also written quite a number of poems which have appeared in our magazines. Although Mr. Stringer is a Canadian, he was educated at Oxford, and has not in his work identified himself with the land of his birth. He possesses the talent for original and striking expression, both in poetry and prose.

Louis Honoré Fréchette has been to some extent a Jack of all trades. He summoned the Muse at eight years of age, and she has been his faithful servant ever since. Fréchette's father was opposed to this fancy for rhyming; its remunerations were not always able to meet the demands of the butcher and baker; and so the young poet was sent to the Petit Séminaire in Quebec to learn how—not to be a poet. How futile! The youngster was caught with some verses.

"Whose are they?" demanded the professor.

"Mine!" answers little Fréchette.

"Impossible! Let us see!" and the young improviser is locked in the schoolroom and ordered to poetise. He does so—to the professor's taste, and his title as poet is established beyond question. The verses now repose in the seminary library.

Fréchette was graduated from the Laval University, and in 1864 was admitted to the bar. His political career was marked by several defeats, although he eventually became a member of the House of Commons. He edited a paper, *Le Journal de Lévi,* which failed. Then Fréchette went to Chicago and published *L'Observateur.* That failed. Undaunted, he started another paper, *L'Amérique,* which prospered until its manager, a Swiss, used it as the vehicle of sympathetic opinions for Germany at the time of the Franco-Prussian war—and that killed it. During his Chicagoan career Fréchette wrote *La Voix d'un Exile,* a fiery protest against the general "wrongness of things." Said M. Darveau, "Never did Juvenal scar the faces of the corrupt Romans as did Fréchette lash the shoulders of our wretched politicians!"

Fréchette went back to Canada. He wrote verses. In 1865 he published *Mes Loisirs.* This book won him fame abroad. Then came *Pêle Mêle,* "full of cameo-like poems, but like cameos that are flushed by an inner and vital fire." In *La Légende d'un Peuple* Fréchette wove the heroic deeds of Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve into splendid and inspiring verse. He did for the French-Canadian country in poetry what Gilbert Parker did for it in prose.

O history of my country, set with pearls unknown,
With love I kiss thy pages venerated. . . .

Hail first to thee, O Cartier, brave and hardy sailor,
Whose footstep sounded on the unexplored shores
Of our immense St. Lawrence. Hail, Champlain,
Maisonneuve, illustrious founders of two cities,
Who show above our waves their rival beauties.
There was at first only a group of Bretons

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Brandishing the sword-blade and the woodman's axe,
Sea-wolves bronzed by sea-winds at the port of St. Malo;
Cradled since their childhood beneath the sky and water,
Men of iron and high of heart and stature,
They, under eye of God, set sail for what might come—
Seeking, in the mazes of the foggy ocean,
Not the famous El Dorados, but a soil where they might plant,
As symbols of their saving, beside the cross of Christ,
The flag of France.

Carman is Canada's greatest lyrist. Deeply and richly imaginative, loving nature much, matching seemingly unspeakable thought to fitting expression, in truth a poet to his finger-tips, Carman caps his lyrical outbursts with a fine technique, and thus redeems any touch of vagueness which might otherwise suffer at the hands of the critics.

Bliss Carman was born thirty-eight years ago at Fredericton, New Brunswick. The spirit of the United Empire Loyalists is in his heart, and on the other side he and Emerson are of the same stock. So splendidly forefathered, and also born a poet, a man is bound to give the world something unusual. Mr. Carman received his education at the Collegiate School and the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, and took special courses at Harvard and in Edinburgh. As the literary editor of the *Independent* and the *Chap-Book,* and a frequent contributor to the magazines, Bliss Carman became known. The publication in 1893 of *Low Tide on Grand Pré* and a year later of *Songs from Vagabondia* (written in collaboration with the late Richard Hovey) won him instant recognition as a poet of unusual talent. In 1895 he published his third book of verses, *Behind the Arras: a Book of the Unseen.*

Mr. Carman is the most original of the Canadian verse writers. There is a delicacy, a *finesse,* in his tributes to nature, and a sweep and freedom in his more heroic verse.

Take *At the Granite Gate,* with its suggestion of Stevenson's "scented Frühlingsgarten of orchids and deep woods":

Into the twilight dun,
  Blue moth and dragon fly,
Adventuring alone,
  Shall be more brave than I?
There innocence shall bloom,
  And the white cherry tree,
With birch and yellow plume
  To strew the road for me.
The wilding orioles then
  Shall make the golden air
Heavy with joy again,
  And the dark heart shall dare
Resume the old desire—
  The exigence of spring
To be the orange fire
  That tips the gray world's wing.
And the lone wood-bird—Hark!
  The whippoorwill, night-long,
Threshing the summer dark
  With his dim flail of song,
Shall be the lyric lift,
  When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
  In the blue range of sleep. . . .

In the war-song of Gamelbar, Carman comes out of the twilight and swings into a triumphant cry:

Bowmen, shout for Gamelbar;
Winds, unthrottle the wolves of war!
  Heave a breath
  And dare a death
For the doom of Gamelbar!
  Wealth for Gamel,
  Wine for Gamel,
Crimson wine for Gamelbar! . . .

The death of Archibald Lampman last February took from Canada a true poet. Lampman was a poet, pure and simple; he has always garbed his thought in verse.

The Muse forever wedded to her lyre,
Nymph to her fawn, and Silence to her rose.

Archibald Lampman was born at Morpeth on Lake Erie, November 18, 1861. He was graduated from Trinity College, Toronto, when he was twenty-one, and a year later entered the Post Office Department at Ottawa, where he remained until his death. His literary work comprises two books of poems, *Among the Millet* (1888) and *Lyrics of Earth* (1893), with numerous contributions to magazines in Canada and the United States. In these few years he has given us poetry of such

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unusual strength and originality that his untimely death (occurring in the poet's thirty-eighth year) has undoubtedly robbed the world of much which would have helped us not a little in our knowledge of the beauty and use of life.

Cleverness, a delicate subtlety, graceful and original imagery, are essentials in Lampman's poetry. We seldom, if ever, find a tame or commonplace moment in his verse. He never descends to mere rhyming, and his thought is never marred by an imperfect interpretation.

Pale season, watcher in unvexed suspense,
Still priestess of the patient middle day,
Betwixt wild March's humoured pestilence
And the warm wooing of green-kirtled May,
Maid month of sunny peace and sober gray,
Weaver of flowers in sunward glades that ring
With murmur of libation to the spring.

As memory of pain all past is peace,
And joy, dream-tasted, hath the deeper cheer,
So art thou sweetest of all months that lease
The twelve short spaces of the flying year.

Apart from his Boswellian capacity as editor and biographer of his friend, Archibald Lampman, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott claims a strong and thoughtful interest as a poet. Mr. Scott was born at Ottawa in 1862. He was educated at the public schools and the Stanstead Wesleyan College, and at seventeen years of age entered the Department of Indian Affairs as a junior clerk, where he now holds the position of chief clerk and accountant.

Mr. Scott published his first work twelve years ago. Since then he has written *The Magic House* (1893), *The Village of Viger,* stories of French-Canadian life (1896), and his last book of poems, *Labour and the Angel* (1898). Mr. Howells says of Scott's *Labour and the Angel:* "For the fresh, distinctive quality of its work it is hardly to be matched." Mr. Scott's imagery is fine and delicate; he sings of spring, the violet, compensation, comfort, in restful and quiet cadences. The poet's philosophy,

Let your soul grow a thing apart,
Untroubled by the restless day,
Sublimed by some unconscious art,
Controlled by some divine delay;
For life is greater than they think
Who fret along its shallow bars,

holds a saving grace against the fever of life.

The most versatile of the Canadian writers is Charles G. D. Roberts, poet, historian, essayist and romancer. Mr. Roberts does not lay claim to the title of essayist. Nevertheless his appreciation of Bliss Carman is a cultured and delightful essay. Finished in diction, original in its interpretation of his fellow-poet's gift, it is something more than a mere biographical sketch. It possesses a decided literary and æsthetic value. As a romancer Mr. Roberts reveals a distinct and subtle charm in his interpretation of the people and parts of Canada still untouched by contact with the world. His prose works are two volumes of short stories, *Earth's Enigmas,* and *By the Marshes of Minas, Acadian Tales, The Forge in the Forest,* and among his lesser poems, *New York Nocturnes.* He has also written the best history of Canada extant.

Mr. Roberts was born in Douglas parish, New Brunswick, in 1860. He was graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1879, and a year later published *Orion and Other Poems,* which won him instant recognition at home and abroad, and established a friendship between the poet and Matthew Arnold, which undoubtedly helped Roberts much in his intellectual development.

In this first utterance Roberts revealed his love of Hellenism and the strong influence of Greek thought and spirit upon a mind susceptible to the beauties of poetry and rhetorical severity alike. After taking his degree of M.A. he edited the Toronto *Globe,* returned shortly after to Windsor, Nova Scotia, and became professor of modern literature at King's College. He resigned from that post a few years ago to devote himself to travel and literature. Mr. Roberts has been accused of writing too much. Nevertheless, in his best moments he has given us some very admirable verse.

Not in perfection dwells the subtler power
To pierce our mean content, but rather works
Through incompletion, and the need that irks
Not in the flower, but effort toward the flower.

Roberts gives us here a pleasurable sense of mental satisfaction; he makes poetry the handmaid of a psychical fact.

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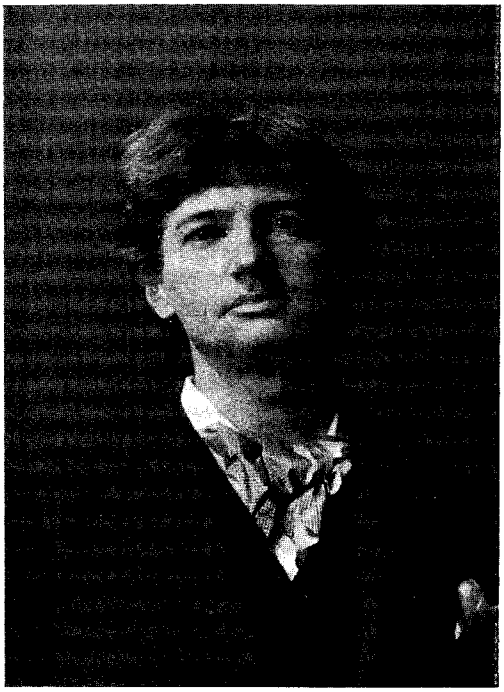
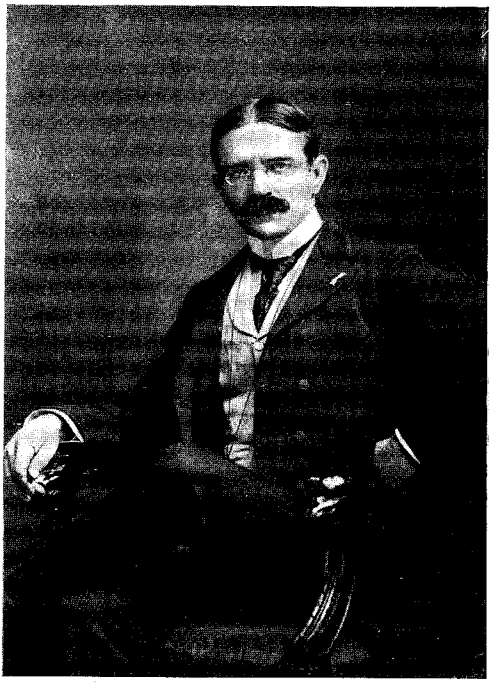


BLISS CARMAN.



C. G. D. ROBERTS.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

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MAJORY M'MURCHY.

In Mr. Roberts's national poems he strikes the keynote of Canadian patriotism. The triumphant and inspiring strains of "Canada" and "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy" have nowhere been surpassed.

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thy own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

Mr. Wilfred Campbell is known as the "Lake Poet of Canada" through his early work, *Lake Lyrics*. Although Mr. Campbell does not wish to be known distinctively as a Lake poet, in justice to his later and what he considers his best verse, he has, nevertheless, painted nature with skill and sympathy.

A realm of dreams where sky and water merge

And, too, in his monograph on Carman it is the rhetorical perfection of his utterance which appeals; and yet he is not cold.

Ruling with an iron hand
O'er the intermediate land
'Twixt the plains of rich completeness,
And the realms of budding sweetness,
Winter!
But what tragic melodies,
As in the bordering realms are throbbing,
Hast thou, Winter? Liquid sobbing
Brooks, and brawling waterfalls,
Whose responsive-voiced calls
Clothe with harmony the hills;
Gurgling meadow-threading rills;
Lakelets lisping, wavelets lapping
Round a flock of wild ducks napping;
And the rapturous-noted wooings
And the moulten-throated cooings
Of the amorous multitudes
Flashing through the dusky woods,
When a veering wind hath blown
A glare of sudden daylight down?

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

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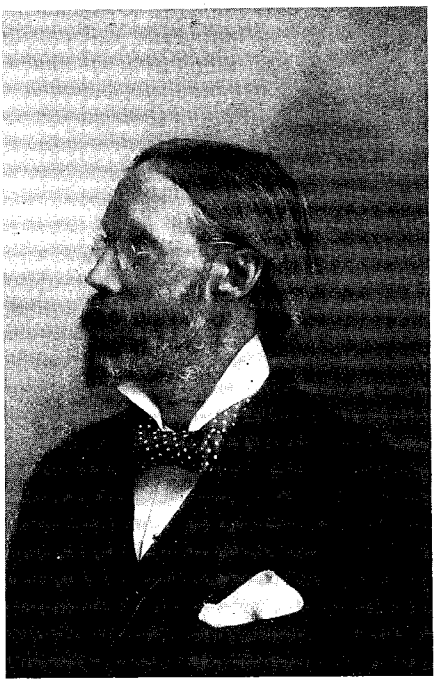
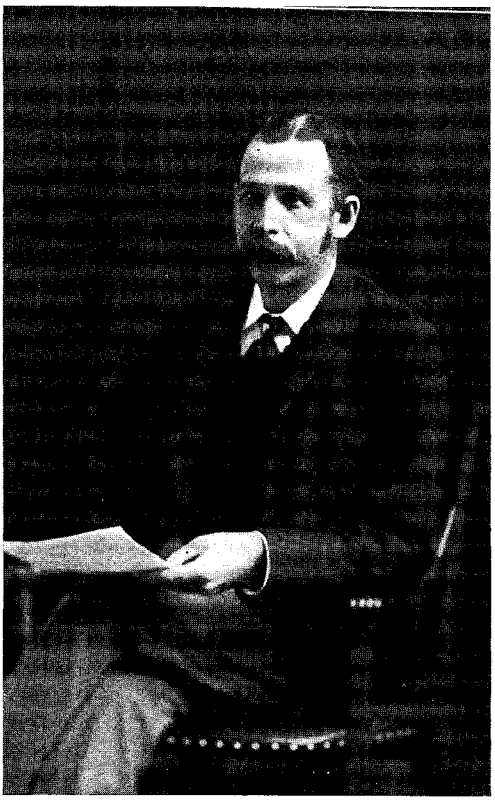
In far dim vapours, mingling blue in blue;
Where low-rimmed shores shimmer like gold shot through
Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams I urge
With lazy oar my skiff through sunny serge,
That rings its music round the rocks and sands;
Passing to silence, where far-lying lands
Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge.

Mr. Campbell's work is wide in range; he is at home in the lakes, the woods, the mountains of Canada; he has pictured her seasons with great truthfulness. Mr. Campbell was born in Western Ontario in 1861. He is in the service of the government, and holds a position in the Privy Council Office at Ottawa. Of the literary work he has accomplished during the last ten years, he may speak for himself: "During the last ten years I have published verse in all of the great American monthlies, the *Atlantic, Century, Harper's, Scribner's, Cosmopolitan,* and many of the lesser organs of light or



WILLIAM M'LENNAN.



J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

STUART LIVINGSTONE.

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J. N. M'ILWRAITH, "AUNTY JANE."

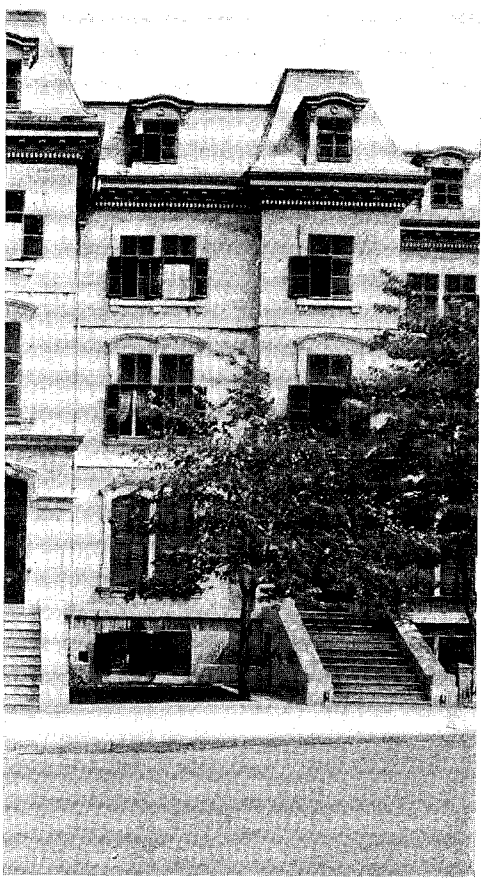
darkness, as the case may be. Among the periodicals beyond seas are *Literature, Pall Mall, The Gentlewoman, Westminster Gazette* and *Chambers's.* I have issued three volumes, *Lake Lyrics* (1889), *The Dread Voyage* (1893), *Mordred and Hildebrand* (1895). I am soon to issue a new volume." Mr. Campbell has written also seven dramas, six of them in blank verse.

Mr. Campbell is best known through his *Lake Lyrics,* although *The Dread Voyage,* so entirely different in theme and in treatment, has created considerable comment in America and England. This latter work and *The Vengeance of Saki* demand critical judgment quite apart from any estimate which we might make of Campbell as a poet of nature. From the quiet and fragrance of wood and lake, he strides boldly into the depths of hate and despair.

Of the Canadian prose writers, Gilbert Parker has the largest circle of American readers. Mr. Parker is a young man—his years number but thirty-eight—yet he has published ten books, written numberless magazine articles, and before winning his reputation as a writer was well known in England, Canada and Australia as an entertaining lecturer.

Gilbert Parker was born in Ontario in 1861. He studied for the ministry at the University of Toronto, and gave lectures at Trinity College. Ill-health compelling him to abandon his studies, he went to the South Sea, and continued lecturing in Australia. A series of articles descriptive of the country in a Sydney paper and a serial story in the *London Illustrated News* were the beginning of a successful literary career.

By the brilliancy of his style and his originality Mr. Parker rapidly gained an international reputation as a strong and delightful writer. His several newspaper and magazine articles were published in book form under the title, *Pierre and His People*—clever and vivid character



HOME OF L. H. FRÉCHETTE.

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sketches of the French Canadians inhabiting "that vast region extending from Quebec in the east to British Columbia in the west and from the Cypress Hills in the south to the Coppermine River in the north—the great wilderness of the Hudson's Bay Company." Mr. Parker's others works are *Tales of the Far North, An Adventurer of the North, A Romany of the Snows, A Lover's Diary, The Trail of the Sword, When Valmond Came to Pontiac, The Seats of the Mighty, The Pomp of the Lavillettes, The Trespasser,* and his latest book, *The Battle of the Strong.*

Mr. Parker is something more than a mere romancer. Gifted with a vivid imagination, a large amount of artistic discrimination, an easy and harmonious flow of language, he has produced work which is elementally strong. He is of the old school in his choice of subjects—love, hate, strategy, the making of history, the glory of valiant deeds, are his themes. He is essentially modern, however, in his treatment and ideas.

Most people believed Grant Allen to have been an Englishman. He was, however, an Irish-Canadian.

He was born at Kingston, Canada, in 1843. He was educated at Oxford, taught in the English public schools, became professor of logic and philosophy at Queen's College, Spanish Town, Jamaica, and four years later returned to England, where he lived till the time of his death, last November.

"I am an Oxford graduate, a first-class-man in classics, and I was for several years of my life a classical master in English public schools and a professor of classics in a colonial college." This statement of Mr. Allen leads to the inference that he knew not a little concerning academic education. "But my own experience," he wrote again, "has been that all that was valuable in my education began after I had left the university." And his plea for the young man is that "one year in the great university we call Europe will teach him more than three at Yale or Columbia."

Mr. Allen was Europe-mad—a form of insanity which is rapidly seizing upon the North American continent, and threatens to denationalise not a few of us—and in the following sentence he gives us the keynote of his nature: "Italy! Italy! One can hardly even write the words without a thrill. For when you come to know it, you will feel, as I do, that every day spent out of Italy is wasted." This is rather strong language for an Irish-Canadian.

Although Mr. Allen was a scholar and a student, he chose to be numbered with the dilettante. As he remarks in his *Vignettes from Nature,* his essays are written from "an easy-going, half-scientific, half-æsthetic standpoint." They are, in fact, written to the tea-drinkers—fitting accompaniments to the five-o'clock assembly on the lawn. A stray sunbeam, a lark's trill, a bit of haphazard conversation, are not at all disturbing—rather, they fit in quite easily with Mr. Allen's delightfully informal dissertations upon the problems of nature.

The theories of Darwin and Spencer made a strong appeal to Grant Allen, and his essays, although light in tone and style, reveal beneath their airiness the exact knowledge of the scholar.

Mr. Allen's scientific works are *Psychological Æsthetics, The Colour Sense, Flowers and Their Pedigrees, Story of the Plants, Force and Energy, Life of Charles Darwin,* and *The Evolutionist at Large.* He also wrote an introduction and notes to the last edition of White's *Natural History of Selborne.*

The best known of his novels are *Babylon, The Woman Who Did, The Tents of Shem, The British Barbarians, Under Sealed Orders,* a volume of *Strange Stories,* and a book of poems, *The Lower Slope.*

In Mr. Allen's latest departure, *The European Tour,* his style is so informal at times as to lose its dignity, and his snap-shots at criticism make the solemn names of the Old World rise from their petty setting in a sort of alienated majesty. While Mr. Allen is entertaining in a breezy fashion, he has overreached himself in his attempt to approach the grandeur and solemnity of Europe with fife and drum. His *Historical Handbooks,* however, redeem him considerably. He no longer coquets with his subject, but goes to it directly, simply, reverently.

If we are to accept Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry—a criticism of life—it cannot be said that our poets in question have put their gift to its highest use.

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They are elected poets of nature. And perhaps there is more of that in Canada just now than anything else. Carman's verse has the broadest swing; he is freest from provincial restraint.

The question of leadership in the province of romance rests between William McLennan and Gilbert Parker. For historical accuracy and constructive strength the *Span o' Life* is the best Canadian romance which has been written so far. For brilliancy and those qualities which combine to make a book "popular," the *Seats of the Mighty* stands foremost. Mr. McLennan's fidelity to facts, the scholar's accuracy constantly restraining the artist's enthusiasm, gives his work the basis of conscientious thought. Mr. Parker, on the other hand, paints with the freedom of the artist who handles large subjects. He aims at general effect rather than at correct detail; he caters to first impressions. His work interests, fascinates; and to interest primarily and instruct incidentally is the *sine qua non* of the novelist.

Roughly speaking, Mr. Parker has made the strongest appeal to our imaginative and pleasure-loving sense, while Mr. McLennan possesses the intellectual and æsthetic qualities which may easily give him the leadership should he care to assume it.

Winifred Lee Wendell.

A STUDY OF CHOPIN *

The musical candidate for a niche in the Hall of Fame has a harder time of it than his fellow-workers in other branches of art. Whether on account of the intimate character of music, or because the principles of criticism applicable to it are not clearly defined, or for some other of the many possible reasons, it is extremely difficult at any given moment to assign to a composer his ultimate position in the world of art. What one generation accords him a succeeding generation denies, or—a still more frequent occurrence—what his contemporaries thought the vagaries of an unbalanced mind, posterity recognises as the promptings of genius. The history of music affords many instances of such mutations. Walhalla is large enough for all the great men, and it is really of no consequence whether Bach or Beethoven or Wagner deserves the highest place, so far as the appreciation of genius goes. But this the unphilosophical public, and for the most part the critics, too, fail to comprehend; and they imperatively demand a comparison of the respective merits of the great names in musical art. In the endeavour to satisfy this curiosity many precipitate judgments are passed which have subsequently to be modified. It is to offset the effect of these fallacious estimates that those who perceive the futility of comparing one genius with another are, nevertheless, impelled to observe their relative excellences and to ponder them with a view to ascertaining which is the greater figure in the art world.

Into the consideration of the claims of those who are to stand high in the world of music, two main elements enter. The intrinsic value of the composer's output must be weighed and his influence on the art taken into account. It is this second point generally which causes the greatest uncertainty in determining the position to be held by him for all time. Necessarily it demands a remote perspective. Chopin, however, has been singularly fortunate in the unanimity with which the debt that modern musical art owes him is acknowledged. It is unnecessary to recapitulate at this time the many innovations he introduced into pianoforte music to its eternal advantage and to that of orchestral music as well. Chopin and Wagner stand together as the most daring and successful explorers of the present century in the realm of music; and the latter owed not a little to the Pole, who was the pioneer. Chopin's eminence in this respect being unquestioned, it remains then to consider the other chief element in the determination of the final position he is to take among the Immortals—namely, his own contribution to the literature of music.

*Chopin. By James G. Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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There have been several treatises on Chopin which have to do with this, the most authoritative, perhaps, being that of Frederick Niecks, whose two large volumes have been of no mean assistance to the historiographer and critic. The latest addition to the study of the Polish composer is Mr. James Huneker's book. This gentleman's contributions to the *Musical Courier,* under the pen name of "Raconteur," have long claimed the attention of musicians for their valuable and suggestive thoughts. His work is divided into two sections, "The Man" and "His Music;" and it is with the latter that we are now concerned. This is an elaboration of an essay on "The Greater Chopin," published last year in the author's collection, entitled *Mezzotints in Modern Music,* although some of the opinions there expressed have been modified by a further study of the subject. The immediate value of such a work is the material aid it affords in taking a rapid and comprehensive glance over Chopin's compositions. In the short space of two hundred and fifty pages they are taken up *seriatim,* and by the grouping, the apposite remarks on each, and the *obiter dicta* scattered plentifully throughout, the final estimate of their value as a whole is greatly facilitated.

A striking phenomenon in the artistic career of Chopin, and one that immediately impresses itself upon the mind, is his lack of development. Mr. Huneker sounds a warning against laying the wrong stress on this.

> To suppose that the young Chopin sprang into the arena a fully equipped warrior is one of those nonsensical notions which gains currency among persons unfamiliar with the law of musical evolution. Chopin's musical ancestry is easily traced; as Poe had his Holly Chivers, Chopin had his Field.

This is true. But the rapidity with which Chopin got away from his musical forebears Field and Hummel, and once free from their influence the suddenness with which he appears as the full-grown artist, are remarkable circumstances. Beethoven's creative activity falls naturally into three periods. The Wagner of *The Flying Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser* made enormous strides before he wrote *Tristan.* In each case is seen logical and gradual development. But Chopin's works, laying aside a few of the very earliest, show scarcely any growth. When only twenty he had written some of his Études, considered among his finest efforts. Almost from the first, then, Chopin was the finished artist. Who can find any trace of immaturity in the C minor Etude op. 10, composed at the age of twenty-two? Internal evidence would avail but little to fix the date of most of his works. Any one reveals the characteristic qualities of his style, and will serve to identify with certainty any other.

Another of the curious facts in connection with Chopin is the comparatively narrow range of his genius. His almost exclusive attention to the pianoforte and the distinct inferiority of his efforts in a more extended sphere cannot be paralleled out of the lives of any other of the great composers. The ingenious argument has been advanced that this being an age of specialism, of division of labour, Chopin's music is merely an expression of the times. But the arguments in favour of a division of labour have no force in the domain of art. Division of labour means the greatest technical and mechanical efficiency. This is the end aimed at in the industrial pursuits, and therefore all other considerations may be ignored. But in art, technical perfection—it is almost a truism to say it—is not the end; and if its attainment involves the sacrifice of any of the higher qualities of the creative faculty, then art is the loser. Here breadth and the conscious power born of extended activity are essentials. The greatest works of art endure for those qualities of the genius that created them. Specialism had its marked effect on Chopin. His works are without question the most idiomatic, the most pianistic in the range of pianoforte music. To what extent this is so is demonstrated by the many unsuccessful attempts to transcribe them effectively for orchestra. On the other hand, they lack the grandeur, the vastness of Beethoven's. However, in speaking of the narrow range of Chopin's genius, the phrase must be understood in a relative sense. Individual works, such as the A minor Etude op. 25 No. 11 or the Fantasie op. 49, do not hint at it. Mr. Huneker states the case well: "Chopin

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seldom compasses sublimity. His arrows are tipped with fire, yet they do not fly far. But in some of his music he skirts the regions where abide the gods."

Turning to the musical structure of Chopin's works, it is apparent, as the writer says, that with classical form so called he had no sympathy. Mr. Henry T. Finck, employing the well-worn device of the controversialist, sets up a fetish in order to throw it down when he talks of "Jumboism" and the folly of those who admire great size for its own sake. Bigness is a quality justly to be considered in judging works of art. *Paradise Lost* or *Faust,* with all its imperfections, is a greater work than a flawless lyric of Burns or Heine. The creative power that conceives a structure of the vastness of *Faust* is of necessity greater than that which at white heat can throw out a gem like "Ye Banks and Braes" or "Du bist wie eine Blume." It requires an architectonic, a largeness and variety of thought, and a capacity for sustained effort quite beyond a Burns or a Heine. If, then, Chopin had created nothing but his Preludes (and they are his most intimate and personal music), their faultless beauty could not raise him to the highest ranks. But Mr. Finck's defence was not needed. Chopin has employed larger forms. His instinct did not play him false when he spread his pinions for more sustained flight. The Ballades and Scherzi are Chopin's own creations in musical form, and he revels in the uncontrolled freedom of his new-found kingdom. Uncontrolled but not uncontrollable. Scarcely ever did Chopin's artist feeling permit a lapse from his high estate into what might be called looseness of thought. In his wildest, most passionate moments he has fast hold of the thread that is to guide him along the labyrinth out into the clear. Says his annotator: "Not loosely jointed, but compact structures glowing with genius and presenting definite unity of form and expression are the Ballades." Chopin's larger canvases are worthy of a place beside those of the other great composers for their magnificent rendering and their perfect balance. If they fall short of the greatest masterpieces, it is not for lack of these qualities, but rather because their musical content has not the grandeur, the elemental power of the highest productions of art. "For Chopin is not the cool breadth and marmoreal majesty of blank verse," is Mr. Huneker's happy way of expressing it.

Chopin's method for obtaining clearness and balance differed completely from that of the older makers of music. Mr. Huneker quotes with approval the suggestion of W. H. Hadow, an English writer, that Chopin attained lucidity of style by "parallelism of phraseology." He founded whole paragraphs "either on a single phrase repeated in similar shapes or on two phrases in alternation." Beethoven, on the other hand, develops his themes harmonically and contrapuntally, so that they are presented in every light and made to yield up their every phrase of beauty. *Durchführung* or development is the word used to express the treatment. The theme is "developed" logically, extensively and thoroughly, so that when at last a return is made to the simple form in which it was first enounced, the rounding out is felt to be complete. It is to this difference between the two composers' methods that Mr. Huneker refers when, speaking of the F minor Fantasie, he remarks: "That first subject, is it not almost as ethically puissant and passionate as Beethoven in his F minor Sonate? Chopin's lack of tenaciousness is visible here. Beethoven would have built a cathedral on such a foundational scheme; but Chopin, ever prodigal in his melody-making, dashes impetuously to the A-flat episode, that heroic love chant," etc. That is it. Beethoven's mental attitude and habit of musical thought was something distinct from Chopin's. It was essentially intellectual. So far as the question of method goes, who shall say which is the better or the greater? Nor is there any reason for making the comparison. As suggested before, art is large enough to include both.

In his chapter on the Mazurkas, which he rather fancifully surnames "Dances of the Soul," Mr. Huneker displays an unusual and to us unaccountable partiality for what he calls "the only out-of-doors music Chopin ever made." "Chopin took the framework of the national dance," he continues, "developed it, enlarged it and hung upon it his choicest melodies, his most piquant harmonies. He breaks and varies the conventionalised rhythm in a

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half hundred ways, lifting to the plane of a poem the heavy-hoofed peasant dance." Of the fifty-six Mazurkas, perhaps a dozen are fairly described by the above. The fourth Mazurka of op. 24 in B flat minor, the C minor of op. 30, and that in A flat, op. 50 No. 2, do indeed contain some of the "choicest melodies" of the great melodist. On the other hand, the majority of them belong to the "salon" Chopin, at whom Mr. Huneker has himself looked askance. Some are almost as trivial as the E flat major Valse. It is only the exotic atmosphere that saves them. This chapter contains some introductory remarks, sane and well considered, on the much exploited *tempo rubato*. The following are worth noting:

> His [Chopin's] music needs the greatest lucidity in presentation, and naturally a certain elasticity of phrasing. Rhythms need not be distorted, nor need there be absurd and vulgar haltings, silly and explosive dynamics. Chopin sentimentalised is Chopin butchered. On every edition of Chopin's works should be engrossed these words, together with the well-known injunction of Schumann: "Play in time! The playing of some virtuosos resembles the walk of a drunken man. Do not make such your models."

Undoubtedly the most valuable portion of Mr. Huneker's survey is that dealing with Etudes, to which he devotes some seventy pages, including in his remarks a comparison of the four more important editions of Klindworth, Von Bülow, Kullak and Riemann. The results of a close and painstaking study are here apparent; and as Mr. Huneker is himself a pianist and teacher as well as a critic, the value of these analyses from the practical point of view, it may be surmised, is not small. The Etudes lend themselves to the analytic treatment more easily than the other works, for, as Mr. Huneker says, "While they completely exhibit the entire range of Chopin's genius, the play's the thing after all. The poetry, the passion of the Ballades and Scherzi wind throughout these technical problems like a flaming skein. . . . The Chopin studies are poems fit for Parnassus, yet they also serve a very useful purpose in pædagogics." And the writer proceeds in clear, concise and well-chosen sentences to show that purpose. Not only to the amateur, who will find in it hints which should open his eyes to things before undreamed of in his philosophy, but also to the professional musician, teacher and performer will the volume be of great help as a book of reference—a musical Baedeker.

One word as to the literary quality of Mr. Huneker's work. To speak of literary style in musical criticism save to notice its absence is an unusual proceeding; for generally literature and musical criticism have been kept distinct. But Mr. Huneker has shown that the separation is not a necessary one. In *Mezzotints in Modern Music* he gave promise of becoming a literary artist of merit, and in his *Chopin* this promise is seen in process of fulfilment. The gravest faults to be found are a certain extravagance of diction and a tendency to employ unusual or obsolete terms. Then, too, the conscious effort involved in turning out a pretty phrase is at times very plain. None of these defects is incurable, however, and while it would be an exaggeration to call Mr. Huneker the Matthew Arnold among musical critics, that title may in time become his by desert, if his further advance be as marked as that noted heretofore.

The first portion of Mr. Huneker's volume, dealing with Chopin the Man, is a fitting prelude to what follows. It is concise and well put; and while throwing no new light on the meagre facts of the Pole's career, it holds the attention to the end. Not for an instant does the story become colourless. Of the incidents connected with Chopin's life, the Sand episode, with its redundancy of legend, as Henry James would say, is perhaps the most prominent. Although holding no brief for the brilliant Frenchwoman, Mr. Huneker treats the affair sensibly, and with commendable dispassionateness. He loves to dwell on the manly side of his hero's character, and makes short work of the widespread but ill-founded rumours of his constant ill-health and sickly manner. The chapter dealing with the Artist is full of suggestive and interesting remarks, and the same may be said of the suceeding one—"Poet and Psychologist"—which appeared separately in a recent number of *Scribner's*. But this latter chapter is somewhat marred by an obscurity of

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diction and thought which is at times observable. Take these sentences, for example:

> Wagner and Chopin have a motor element in their music that is fiercer, intenser and more fugacious than that of all other composers. For them is not the Buddhistic void, in which shapes slowly form and fade; their psychical *tempo* is devouring. They voiced their age, they moulded their age, and we listen eagerly to them, to these vibrile prophetic voices, so sweetly corrosive, bardic and appealing.

One is tempted to exclaim with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, that some of this "is pretty, but I don't know what it means." Happily, Mr. Huneker does not indulge in such a strain too frequently; and to offset it there are many passages in the book that show a real power and richness of imagination. Lovers of Chopin have cause to be grateful to his latest biographer for a disinterested and successful endeavour to place before them the true Chopin.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The printer, publisher and bookseller doing the most extensive business and showing the most enterprise in it in the United States one hundred years ago was Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester. Dr. Charles L. Nichols, who has been collecting material for several years, has recently published his bibliography of Worcester imprints, covering the period from the introduction of printing into that town in 1775 to 1848.* The most interesting section of the book, especially to people outside of Worcester, is the list of books printed by Isaiah Thomas. As Thomas was for a long time the only printer there, and until the time he turned over his business to his son in 1802 he published a large proportion of the books issuing from Worcester presses, the book is of greater interest than most local bibliographies are.

Thomas was a printer from boyhood. He began as low in the scale as did Franklin. He used to say that "six weeks' schooling" was all he ever had. When only seven years of age his mother, a widow, bound him over to Zachariah Fowle, a Boston printer. Thomas has told us himself that when he began to work, in order that he might reach the cases to set type, he stood upon a bench eighteen inches high. His first work was setting the type of a licentious ballad, called *The Lawyer's Pedigree*. He knew then only the letters and had not been taught to put them together and spell. The type was double pica, and the work occupied him two days. In the indenture Fowle agreed "to teach or cause to be taught the said apprentice, by the best way and means he can, the art and mistery of a printer, also to read, write and cypher." Fowle's principal business was printing ballads for peddlers, and his outfit consisted of a single press and a small lot of three sizes of type. There were few engravers at this time in Boston, but Fowle's rival in the ballad-printing business had a negro who was able to illustrate his work by cuts. Young Thomas tried his hand at decorating those printed by Fowle. He cut about a hundred plates, rude and coarse, "but nearly a match," he says, "for those done by the negro." The library of the printing office was, he says, confined to a "tattered dictionary and an ink-stained Bible; but aided by these and what other books he could get at, Thomas acquired the elementary branches, learned to write good English, and to put his thoughts into type without writing them down. He loved books and his art, and in 1756, when between seventeen and eighteen years of age, ran away from his master and found his way to Halifax, hoping to earn enough there to reach London, where he wanted to go to perfect himself as a printer. Luck was against him, however, and after a short stay there and at Portsmouth, N. H., where his presence "was suspected by his Boston friends by the remodelling and improvement in the

*Bibliography of Worcester. A List of Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers and Broadsides, Printed in the Town of Worcester, Massachusetts, from 1775 to 1848. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By Charles Lemuel Nichols. Worcester, Privately Printed, 1899.

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newspaper on which he worked," he returned to Boston, and was again in the employ of his old master. But after a few weeks he left again, going south to Wilmington and later to Charleston, where he worked for several years with more or less success. He returned to Boston in 1770 and went into partnership with his old master. They started a newspaper, *The Massachusetts Spy,* but after three months Thomas bought out Fowle's interest, and thus became owner of the press and types at which he had worked when a child. The *Spy* was continued, and soon had a larger circulation than any other paper in Boston. In February, 1774, he issued the first number of *The Royal American Magazine,* which ran through fifteen numbers, the first six of which were edited by Thomas. This magazine is of especial interest nowadays on account of the plates in it which were engraved by Paul Revere. From the time of his return to Boston, just after the Boston massacre, he had always stood for the cause of the colony against the tyranny of the home government, and on account of articles in the *Spy* had more than once got into trouble. On the 16th of April, 1775, three days before the battle of Lexington, he packed up his presses and types, and, as he says himself, "stole them out of town in the dead of night." He himself participated in the battle of Lexington, and did not get around to Worcester, where his outfit had been sent, for several days. On May 3 the publication of the *Spy* was renewed. This was the first piece of printing done in Worcester. A few weeks later he printed *"A | Narrative | of the | Excursion and Ravages | of the | King's Troops, | Under the Command of General Gage, | On the nineteenth of April, 1775, | together with the | Depositions | Taken by Order of Congress, | To support the Truth of it. | Published by Authority. | Massachusetts-Bay: | Worcester, Printed by Isaiah Thomas, by order | of the Provincial Congress.|*

This was a pamphlet of twenty-four pages. Thomas's own copy in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society is endorsed by him, "This was the first printing done in Worcester, Mass."

Of the list given by Dr. Nichols after this first book, Thomas published nothing else, except his newspaper, almanacs, sermons and other religious books, until 1781, when he printed two Masonic pamphlets, one being an oration which he had himself delivered in Lancaster two years before. In 1782 he reprinted Addison's *Cato* and Lillo's *London Merchant,* both done for a Boston bookseller, N. Coverly. For the first ten years, from 1775 to 1785, Dr. Nichols's bibliography shows, excluding his newspaper and a broadside, only forty publications in Worcester, ten of which were almanacs.

When peace was restored Thomas's business prospered, and he became the most important printer and bookseller in the United States. At one time he had ten presses employed, seven of them being at Worcester. He also established a paper mill and made some, at least, of his own paper. He had, besides, his own bindery, and, as a bookseller, dealt in various kinds of books published in America and Europe. His principal establishment remained at Worcester, but he had bookshops in a number of other places, including five at various points in Massachusetts, one in Concord, New Hampshire, one in Albany, and one in Baltimore. His partner in the Boston branch was Ebenezer T. Andrews. The firm name was Thomas and Andrews, and they published from 1789 to 1793 the *Massachusetts Magazine,* a monthly devoted to arts and letters. Many numbers contained American portraits and views by S. Hill. These plates are now much sought after, and a complete set of the *Magazine,* Andrews's own, eight volumes, brought $480 in the Manson sale last year. Brissot de Warville, who travelled in the United States in 1788, said in his book that Isaiah Thomas was the Didot of the United States. It is also on record that Benjamin Franklin once referred to him as "the Baskerville of America."

Collectors of Thomas imprints, however, love best those little juvenile books, reprints of the diminutive volumes issued by John Newberry and his successors in London during the latter part of the last century. The American reprints are almost as rare as the original English editions. The first of these reprints, according to Dr. Nichols (who, however, is not able to locate a copy of it), was the *Royal Primer, or an Easy and Pleasant Guide to the Art of Reading.* This was issued

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THE
HISTORY
OF LITTLE
GOODY TWOSHOES;
OTHERWISE CALLED
Mrs. *Margery Twoſhoes.*
WITH
The Means by which ſhe acquired her Learning and Wiſdom, and in Conſequence thereof her Eſtate.
Set forth at large for the Benefit of thoſe,
Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair,
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And gallop in their Coach and Six.
See the original Manuſcript in the VATICAN at ROME, and the Cuts by MICHAEL ANGELO; illuſtrated with the Comments of four great modern Criticks.
THE FIRST *WORCESTER* EDITION.
PRINTED at WORCESTER, *Maſſachuſetts*,
By ISAIAH THOMAS,
And SOLD, Wholeſale and Retail, at his Book Store. MDCCLXXXVII.

by Thomas in 1784. Dr. Nichols records nearly fifty of these little books, many of them, however, being known to him only through Thomas's advertisements. Thomas himself may possibly, like Newberry, have composed as well as printed children's books. It is known that he wrote *The New American Spelling Book—adapted to the Capacities of Young Children, rendering the Use of a Primer unnecessary.* This was printed by him in 1785. The title-pages of two of these interesting little books are reproduced herewith, exact size of originals. All are rare enough to give sport to the keenest collector. Thomas was proud of his Worcester press, and most of these children's books, as well as many of his larger works, have on the title-page the words "First Worcester Edition."

In 1785 Thomas published a specimen book of his types, "Being as large and complete an Assortment as is to be met with in any one Printing Office in America. Chiefly Manufactured by that great Artist, William Caslon." This was probably the first such specimen book issued by any printer in this country. A manuscript note in the copy in the library of the American Antiquarian Society says: "A great addition, and a great Variety of Types were added to the following, after 1785. When complete the Printing materials were estimated at Nine Thousand Dollars."

He appreciated also the beauty of ample margins, and in the little book *Elegiac Sonnets and Other Poems,* by Charlotte Smith, printed by him in 1795, after giving the binder directions how to place the plates, he says "cut the book as large each way as it will bear." His preface to this book is an evidence of the interest Thomas took in his art. As a specimen it is worth reprinting.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor of this (Worcester) Edition intended to have published it nearly four years since, at which time he had the plates engraved in his office in this town. His being employed in printing larger and heavier volumes has prevented these Sonnets appearing from his Press till now. As the Letter Press has been delayed, he could have wished the Engravings had been also; as in the infancy of engraving in this country four years' additional experience to the artist would doubtless have produced more delicate work than what is now presented. The lovers of this Art will, however, be enabled, in some measure, to mark the progress of Engraving by a comparison of the Plates now executed with these, and the Editor doubts not but a proper allowance will be made for work engraved by an

A LITTLE PRETTY
POCKET-BOOK,
INTENDED FOR THE
INSTRUCTION and AMUSEMENT
OF
LITTLE MASTER TOMMY,
AND
PRETTY MISS POLLY.
With Two LETTERS from
JACK the GIANT-KILLER;
AS ALSO
A BALL and PINCUSHION;
The Uſe of which will infallibly make TOMMY a good Boy, and POLLY a good Girl.
To which is added,
A LITTLE SONG-BOOK,
BEING
A NEW ATTEMPT to teach CHILDREN the Uſe of the Engliſh Alphabet, by Way of Diverſion.
THE FIRST *WORCESTER* EDITION.
PRINTED at WORCESTER, *Maſſachuſetts*.
By ISAIAH THOMAS,
And SOLD, Wholeſale and Retail, at his Book-Store. MDCCLXXXVII.

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artist who obtained his knowledge in this country, by whom these plates were executed, and that done by European engravers who have settled in the United States.

The making of the particular kind of paper on which these Sonnets are printed is a new business in America, and but lately introduced into Great Britain; it is the first manufactured by the Editor.

On the whole, the Editor hopes for the candour of those who wish well to the productions of the Columbian Press—their favourable acceptance of this and other volumes printed in this country will doubtless raise an emulation to produce others, better executed, on superior paper, and with more delicate engravings.

ISAIAH THOMAS.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, October, 1795.

The engraver referred to as "having obtained his knowledge in this country" was Joseph H. Seymour, of Philadelphia. He was the engraver of plates for several other works issued by Thomas. By the "larger and heavier volumes" Thomas no doubt meant the three editions of the Bible printed by him in 1791 and 1793. The prospectus of the first of these, an edition in royal quarto, was circulated in 1790. Among the conditions of publication were the following:

It shall be printed with elegant new types, already made and completed particularly for the purpose—types large, beautiful and suited for the accommodation of the eyes of all, especially those of the aged and infirm. See the Specimen annexed.

The Price to Subscribers, handsomely bound, shall be only *Seven Dollars,* although the English Editions of the same size and of an inferior quality are sold for eight and nine Dollars.

To make payment easy to those who wish to be encouragers of this laudable undertaking, and to be in possession of so valuable property as a Royal Quarto Bible, and who are not able to pay for one all in Cash—from such the Publisher will receive one-half of the sum, or *twenty-one shillings,* in the following articles, viz.: Wheat, Rye, Indian Corn, Butter, or Pork, if delivered at his store in Worcester, or at the store of himself and company in Boston, by the 20th day of December, 1790, the remaining sum of twenty-one shillings to be paid in cash as soon as the books are ready for delivery.

In order in some measure to recompense the Reverend Clergy, and all whose piety, goodness of heart, and regard for the manufactures of their country may induce them to help forward so great and useful an undertaking as the one now proposed, all who subscribe for *twelve* copies, or procure *twelve* copies to be subscribed for, and will be answerable, and make payment for them agreeably to this proposal, shall be entitled to and receive a *thirteenth* copy, handsomely bound, for their trouble.

Isaiah Thomas's

CATALOGUE

OF

English, Scotch, Irish and American

BOOKS.

FOR SALE,

At the WORCESTER BOOKSTORE.

CONSISTING OF

HISTORY,	ARTS,
VOYAGES,	SCIENCES,
TRAVELS,	HUSBANDRY,
GEOGRAPHY,	ARCHITECTURE,
ANTIQUITIES,	NAVIGATION,
PHILOSOPHY,	MATHEMATICS,
NOVELS,	LAW,
MISCELLANIES,	PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS,
DIVINITY,	POETRY,
PHYSIC,	PLAYS,
SURGERY,	MUSIC, &c. &c.
ANATOMY,	

1801.

PRINTED AT *WORCESTER,* (MASS.)
BY ISAIAH THOMAS.

In *The Massachusetts Spy* of December 15, 1791, appeared an advertisement which read: "The Royal Quarto Bible (and the only one of so large a typed quarto ever attempted in America) is this day completed from the Press of the undersigned."

About the same time he published a two-volume folio Bible, being the first folio Bible printed in America. It contained fifty plates (the quarto had only forty-eight) engraved by Seymour, Hill,

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Norman and Doolittle. In the introduction the publisher says:

The Editor, desirous to assist in the improvement of the most useful of all Arts, has carried through his Press *two* editions of the Holy Bible (this folio, illustrated with fifty Copperplate Engravings of Scripture History, and one in Royal Quarto). No cost, care or labour hath he spared to render these Editions correct, neat and elegant. He thinks he may venture to assure you that, in respect to Correctness, no copies of the Bible, now extant, have had more attention paid to them. The Editor furnished himself with nearly thirty copies, printed at different times and places. From these he selected the most correct by which to revise the whole of this work. The Marginal Notes and References to the Quarto Edition were all previously examined and compared with the Text by the Minister of Holden. Every sheet of the Text, before its commitment to the Press, was carefully examined by the Clergymen of Worcester, and by other capable persons, and compared by not less than eight different copies, six of them the most correct British Modern Editions from the Presses of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and two of them Ancient British Copies of the present translation—one printed in London, 1626, by Benham Norton and John Bill, only sixteen years after the first publication of this translation—the other at the University Press at Cambridge in 1637.

In 1802 Thomas turned over his business to his son, Isaiah Thomas, Junior, who carried it on for a number of years. Released in a measure from the cares of business, he still added to his library, for he was a lover of books as well as a maker of them, and in 1810 published a *History of Printing in America,* in two volumes, octavo, preserving a large amount of historical material which would otherwise have been lost. He was one of the founders of the American Antiquarian Society, erected their first building at a cost of ten thousand dollars, and gave them his large library. The collections of this institution are rich in Early Americana, and it is one of the glories of Worcester.

Luther S. Livingston.

A FAMOUS PARIS BOOKBINDER

In the Rue Royale St. Honoré, near the Church of the Madeleine, in the heart of the fashionable shopping quarter of Paris, is the house of Gruel Englemann; a shop—if shop it may be called, for its air of distinction and opulence suggests a private museum or a salon, rather than a place in which to barter merchandise—well known to amateurs and connoisseurs of rare books and bookbinding.

Lining the book shelves, along the walls, are missals, breviaries, books of prayer and devotion, the illumining and binding of which have been a feature of the house for generations. In a velvet-lined case is displayed a valuable collection of old bindings; in another, modern books of verse and prose, bound after old designs, or in the celebrated *Cuir Ciselé,* for whose introduction into modern trade Gruel and Englemann are famous. All this the casual shopper sees en route for the Rue de la Paix, or the Avenue de l'Opéra, and goes his way unconscious that he has paused on the threshold of a museum full of rare and curious treasures; that above the vast salon are workshops employing the most skilful craftsmen of this interesting trade and art; that in smaller rooms, under bolt and padlock, are volumes which the exclusive collector would be glad to possess; that, in short, he has had a brief entrance into the oldest, most famous bookbinding house in France, and, perhaps, in the world. This trade owes its prestige and success to a woman. In 1846, Catherine Gruel, the wife of an eminent bookseller and printer, *"un galanthomme,"* as he is called, found herself a widow with her little son, Léon Gruel, to support, and the fortunes of an important business, founded in 1811, under her sole control. Madame Gruel was more than equal to the difficult situation. She combined with the attractions of youth and beauty a virile firmness and vigour of character. She was a good *commerçante,* as well as a spirituelle woman, and the combination was a happy one for the house whose

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existence hazard had confided to her intelligence.

Catherine Gruel made for this branch of her trade a peculiar and distinct place in the history of bookbinding. She introduced at once into her workshop artists of the highest talent; indeed, many celebrated binders, men who will leave undoubted records of their work, have served their apprenticeships in Madame Gruel's workshop—Marius Michel, *père*, Chambolle, David, the Baron Joly, Rossigueux, Riester, Lielarde. She had a talent for surrounding herself with interesting people, whose constant presence in the salon her shop soon became could not be solely accounted for by the interest of bookbinding. Possessed of exquisite tact, inherent artistic taste, she soon made herself appreciated and beloved by her clients, noble and distinguished people, for the élite and exclusive noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain were her patrons and friends. The old Duchesse de Montmorency, and the Duc d'Aumale, the famous connoisseur raffiné, consulted her criticism on the subject of her art, and she was assigned by common consent the first place among her contemporaries.

Her rooms became at times a literary club, where celebrated collectors and lovers of books and bindings gathered to discuss their hobbies. Countess de Nieuwerke, Bartet de Jouy, Edmond du Sommerard, Auguste de Bostard, Henri de Laborde, Horace de Vielcastel, Berryer, Guizot, Alexandre Dumas, Paul Lacreux, the Savant bibliographer, Jacob the economist, Michel Chevalier, Henri Lehmann, Racinet Moreau and Ledoux, among the artists.

It makes an enchanting picture, this delightful shop of fifty years ago, filled from time to time with the most interesting men and women of the age—parchment and vellum, type and illuminings, chiselled leather, gold leaf, the subjects under discussion. A duke of the old régime handles a folio of Le Gascon with the reverence and love of the impassioned bibliographer; and discusses it with the young merchant, "a woman far from the ordinary in type of beauty, the beauty which the old masters paint for us in miniatures." She wears the low-bodiced dress of the period, her hair falls about her face in curls; and as she leads her distinguished guests to the workshop, in order to show some intricate, explicit use of the burin, or bends over an ancient model in the gilder's hands, Catherine Elizabeth Aglæ Englemann leaves a graceful memory from which we turn reluctantly in order to follow further the fortunes of the house.

She married in 1846 Jean Englemann, the well-known printer, and the business steadily increased in financial and artistic importance until it passed, in 1875, into the hands of Léon Gruel, who is its head to-day. It is impossible to speak of all the beautiful specimens of this branch of trade and art; they are constantly sent forth from the workshop through France to the art-loving centres of the world. The courts of St. Petersburg and England, Germany and the East, possess among their rare treasures examples of the binding of this house.

The bindings sent to the Chicago Exhibition attracted great attention and remark, and won for M. Gruel the prize medal; indeed, at all exhibitions his work has received the first award.

The *Imitation of Christ*, by Lammenais, a copy of the thirteenth-century manuscript, was considered to be the finest example of chiselled leather the house had hitherto produced. The covers were decorated in a rich composition of the Renaissance style, very finely executed, half in brilliant, half in dull, gold, and surrounded by bands of mosaic and lines of raised gold. On the first cover, the central figure is the infant Christ, adored by two angels; on the back is the head of Christ framed in rich ornamentation in high relief. These covers alone took four months to make, and were estimated to cost $1500. There were, besides, numerous copies of Grolier and Maiolo and Le Gascon, and of models in the National Library.

Another work of exquisite delicacy made in the Gruel workshops, by Rossineux, was a book bound in sculptured wood, a veritable marvel of workmanship, which excited great admiration when it was exhibited in 1844. It took one year to execute, and cost $3000. It is in the Gruel collection to-day.

During late years the house has bound for the Grolier Club of New York, for Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, and Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York. The workshops

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to-day are filled with designs and work already in hand for the French Exhibition of 1900. "This work," says M. Gruel, "I cannot permit to be described to the public now. It is to be our *coup d'état* at the Exposition.

"Less than one hundred years ago in France, in order to profess a *métier*, a man must first have produced a masterpiece. In these times, when competition is great and the commercial instinct dominant, the question is not how can I make the most completely beautiful object, regardless of time and cost, that it may be 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever,' but how can I quickest produce the most saleable article at the least expense to myself. This, unfortunately, is the modern spirit!" said old Léon Gruel, sitting in his small study before a table massed high with manuscript, pamphlets, models of old and modern design, surrounded by book-cases full of rich, priceless documents and parchment, approved by countless diplomas from all the great expositions of the world, and from the most exclusive critical societies. On a tray by his side were several instruments of fine and, to the amateur, marvellous complexity, whose delicate use an apprenticeship of life alone could master. These objects pertaining to the most careful and laborious handiwork; these books representing the work of years—the small card-case, for instance, exhibited at Chicago, and whose inscription in the catalogue reads: "*This object was inspired by the work of Stéphane de Laune.*" In a country where the conception of a card-case and a scissor-box is "inspired" we may still hope that there remains enough of the artistic spirit to carry us, in spite of the commercial instinct, for another half century at least.

Léon Gruel is a man of the world in the sense of courtesy and gentle speech and manner, and is the most reliable guide and authority that one could consult. "When I published my '*Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Relieure,*'" he said, "the librarians at the National Library wrote me pointing out an error; it was a close and friendly controversy, but—I was in the right after all!" and his eyes twinkled. Sitting back in his chair, his slender hands lightly touching each other at the finger tips, his face bright with intelligence and interest, Leon Gruel converses easily, most delightfully. "*Dans le temps,*" he said, "men loved their art passionately, now they love their money with equal fervour. Why, I remember Payn, brother of Thomas Payn, who wrote *Home, Sweet Home.* He was a true artist and loved his profession. He drank terribly, poor fellow, and his hands shook as with the palsy; indeed, he trembled so all over that when an idea for bookbinding came upon him that he was determined to carry out, they were obliged to strap him up to a table in order to steady him. Modern bookbinding has discovered nothing to equal the old designs, and at best we can only copy." Léon Gruel's profession touches on all history, and combines, with the aid of the illuminator and printer, all art and letters. By his side is his famous work, "*Le Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Relieure,*" with an extra copy twice the bulk of the original. M. Gruel is at work slowly, revising and making an edition that will be of priceless value to connoisseur and amateur. The first edition of this work was the result of the labour of twenty-five years. He is now sixty-seven years of age, and this later edition will occupy him doubtless for the remainder of his life. Bending over it, he points to numerous annotations made in his clear handwriting, perhaps the discovery of a long-sought-for volume unearthed from some obscure corner in an old shop on the Quai. He has the true enthusiasm of the collector, and delights in a *trouvaille* as did Hankey the English bibliophile, who stirred from his death stupor and half started up at the ringing of the door bell, the passion for the precious volume he had been seeking strong in death. "Ah," he said, "it is a bookseller bringing me a Justine in vellum!" In the case of Léon Gruel, with whole-souled devotion to his art, he adds great erudition; he is an interesting man as well as a successful merchant and bookbinder. Through the love of collecting as much as for the needs of his profession, he has gathered together numberless bindings into a veritable museum, where are to be seen all sorts of documents and accessories relative to bookbinding and its history, acts of state, civil laws, famous old bills and addresses, autographs and

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an interesting collection of the "Private Marks" of publishers and bookbinders covering hundreds of years. With this exhaustless library at his hand and little need to leave his study for research, he compiled his important work, the manual already referred to. It is at once a short study of ancient styles and designs, a curious document with brief biographies of famous binders, a dictionary of dates, analytical, well ordered, and in point of view of information and interest to the profession, of intrinsic value. The illustrations are superb. His other works are several pamphlets on the science of bookbinding, a delightful biographical sketch of Christopher Plantin (out of print), and, lastly, *La Rose d'Or*.

Hospitality such as the Golden Rose afforded was rare and choice, and the grateful guests who fared, slept and reposed at their will and paid nothing left their thanks and their signatures in a huge register, from which M. Gruel culled the following amusing devices, whose perusal will be of interest to all travellers:

Pierre Kraus, "Patience, Wisdom and Time makes the impossible possible."

Justus Witte, 1719, "Happy is he who knows how to forget that which cannot be helped."

Some are rather humorous and all breathe a good-tempered contentment.

"The stone is our field, the knife our plough, but with them we gain our bread well."

Jules Forbes, "I love the métier of bookbinding and for this reason I am not a tailor."

Simon Puhlmann, 1720, "God in the heart and the beloved in your arms; one procures you entrance to heaven, the other to the joys of earth."

"If labour corporations were all formed with humanitarian acts as their reasons for existing, they would constitute for the country a force with which it could protect all its right and preserve all its might," says M. Gruel in closing.

The house of Gruel Englemann has passed into the hands of the younger generation. The transition from tradition-loving conservatism is evident. Insistent expressions of modern ideas for decoration, and the gay, brilliant, intricate mosaic is pushing out the severe simplicity of the early examples. The art in the Gruel atelier is less bizarre than that in the English workshops, but it is nevertheless surely seeking the old designs less frequently and depending for its inspiration upon new models, whose greatest merit oftentimes is that they are original. The true importance of decoration is lost often in lavish design, and one misses the wide margin and the simple ancient forms.

Marie van Vorst.

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THE SPIRIT OF WAR

It stole to birth on a peaceful earth
  In the sting of a foolish jest,
And it crept to the ken of idling men
  In the need of its guilty quest.
It passed in the might of an injured right
  From doubt to deep applause,
Till it fed the fire of a blinded ire
  In the guise of a holy cause.
It blotted the lease of a palsied peace
  As it sped through the Senate hall,
And it flew full free with a Power's decree
  In the crash of a bugle call.
It rushed with the clank of the sabred rank,
  And the vulture screamed to his kind
As it swept to the fore with a blood-whet roar
  And the thundering hoofs behind.
And it called up Death with its hot-drawn breath
  And they drank where the life-blood fell,
And they reigned where they fed on the screeching lead
  From the mouths of a loosened Hell.

But a cry, heart-wrung from a woman's tongue
  As the rumbling death-cart passed,
Uprose from the sod to a tender God,
  And He turned from War, aghast.

Thomas Bicket.

LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR

II. The Three Classes of Literary Art

As we suggested generally in our last article, we do not think, strictly speaking, there is any such thing as a work of art. Art enters in various degrees into almost everything in life. Almost every utilitarian institution from a teapot to a political address has some tincture of the instinct for ornament. Almost every artistic object from a wall-paper to a French novel has some practical advantages or disadvantages. The desire to possess a decorative coal-scuttle has never been held to bind even a modern critic to a complete indifference to having a fire in his grate. As we have said, we do not sympathise with that singular carnival of Californian divorce which now possesses the intellectual world; we do not wish to separate everything from everything, nor do we look forward with any joy to a wiser generation equipped with useless ornaments and ugly coal-scuttles. Consequently, we are prepared to defend upon every ground a process which is now so commonly attacked, the judgment of pictures, not only from an æsthetic, but also from a literary and ethical point of view. But when we come to subject a large number of literary pictures, such as those which are exhibited in the various galleries this year, to this kind of scrutiny, we at once find that they are related to literature in many totally distinct ways. The true union between the two arts can only occur when the same note is struck in both. For example, there are pictures by Burne-Jones which strike precisely the same note, evoke precisely the same feelings (such as they are) as certain lines from Swinburne; but this is not to be effected merely by putting the lines from Swinburne underneath them. The practice of merely naming pictures after they are

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born, like babies, may, on the whole, be discouraged. If an artist has painted a good picture of a man hoeing turnips, he had much better call it "A Man Hoeing Turnips," instead of calling it, as he too often does, "Enoch Arden," or something of that sort—first, because the title "Enoch Arden" is a lie; secondly, because the literary title spoils the painter's own chances and sets people criticising him as an interpreter of something which he never intended to interpret. In fact, literary art in general, as typified in the literary art of this year, divides itself naturally into three classes, those pictures in which the literary idea is the inspiration, those in which it is a legitimate pretext, and those in which it is, unless we are much mistaken, a mere afterthought. We may take three pictures from the Royal Academy alone which will sufficiently explain the spirit of the three classes of which we speak.

After Mr. Watts, whose work we noticed last month, the artist whose imaginative conceptions seem to us most valid is Mr. Briton Rivière. He is two of the best things a man can be, and two that are very seldom combined: he is a specialist and a universalist. He has made a study of the painting of animals and brought it to a technical perfection, but the study has not bred in him, as in too many, the spirit of the horse-dealer and the pigeon-fancier. The wonders of creation have stimulated his imagination to the conception and combination of other wonders. From the cosmic extravagance of the rhinoceros and the crocodile he has conceived in his picture of "St. George" a genuine dragon. The great coils of the dying monster wrapping the dying horse are refreshing to the fancy, for St. George has been badly used in English art, being commonly provided with a most insignificant creature to kill. There is a coin seen by us personally on rare and pleasing occasions, of the general value of twenty shillings, upon which (if the mists of memory do not deceive us) St. George is represented killing a cockroach with a table-knife. Decoratively the design is a very good one, but the English vice of despising the enemy has spoiled the dragon in our art as a whole. Mr. Rivière's picture, on the other hand, seems to us an excellent example of the first class of poetical pictures, the class in which the poetical idea is really the inspiring and controlling force. The colours and lines of the picture are not, so to speak, blind interpreters, they are plenipotentiary ministers of the idea—themselves full of its spirit. If the picture were seen in the distance, the mere scheme of colour, the red of the flowers as hot as fire, the blue of the sea, that blue which is hotter than any red, would signal to the spectator who had not yet seen the figures of the Princess bending over her fainting or dying deliverer, the presence of that moral intoxication to which death and destruction seem as beautiful as sea and flowers. Evil itself, in its defeat, seems significant in such an hour; and upon the blue scales of the dying dragon are all the colours of heaven.

We have taken this picture as an instance of that class of art in which the pictorial form fully carries out the literary idea as it first occurred. The fiery blue which pervades the picture, in the lines of the distant sea as in the eyes of the expiring horse, is a colour which in itself symbolises a splendid mood. Next to this type of picture comes the class which covers the vast majority of good pictures exhibited in the galleries, the class in which the literary subject is a pretext, an excuse found in literature for the treatment of a certain pictorial scheme. Of this type of picture there are so many examples that any choice among them must approach to the accidental, but in many respects no better instance of its advantages and disadvantages could be found than Mr. Victor Robertson's picture of "Penelope." Here the artist felt that his strength lay in the depiction of classical subjects. Like so many people in whom the pure æsthetic feeling was unconnected with any particular psychologica or dogmatic bent, he was presumably attracted by the Greek spirit, by that profound wisdom which of itself chose to be lucid, by that sublime liberty which of itself chose to be restrained. He desired to paint a classic picture, and he selected out of many possible subjects one particular subject from the *Odyssey*. Now this method of what may be called intelligent selection of a subject has many advantages. It is likely to produce a good picture in the technical sense. The artist has had clearly in his mind be-

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forehand the kind of picture he could paint, and he has selected the subject to suit his technical powers. But along with these points of superiority it has certain definite disadvantages, of which the most prominent is this, that a picture so produced will hardly ever present a thoughtful or original version of its topic. We may, of course, be quite wrong in our own literary view, but we cannot by any means agree with Mr. Robertson's view of Penelope. He has found in her the opportunity of painting a Juno; with the free swing of that antique drapery which alone of human garbs seems to express the movements of the mind as of the body, he has set before us the spirit of a haughty woman staring down impertinence. In the face of the Antinous (if the chief figure be he) the artist has really caught that most fatuous of expressions, the expression of the half-snubbed lady-killer. All this is very good fun for Mr. Victor Robertson, but not, we think, for Homer. Penelope was not at all like the fiery lady in the picture; if she had been the suitors would not have stayed a week. Homer's Penelope is a more human thing: the crafty, submissive, stubborn, faithful woman. She yields to circumstances, she talks trivialities. In our day she would have poured out tea for the suitors month after month with abundance of conversation. But she has her own secret, and is loyal to it as no man can be loyal. We have dwelt, by way of example, on this picture, in order to show the disadvantage which would handicap even the greatest artist if he were treating a poetic subject not from a poetic impulse, but merely as a poetic excuse. But at least in a picture of this kind the artist knows what he is painting. He does not finish a classical composition and then decide afterward whether it is meant for Venus rising from the sea or the fight for the body of Patroclus. Yet this topsy-turvy and incredible process has actually passed into a habit and tradition among artists of genuine merit.

The custom of attaching to pictures of general and undefined interest, landscape, local colour and the like, quotations from the poets as a mere tag or ornament is patent everywhere in English art. No blame can be attached to any individual; the thing has become a kind of hall-mark of culture. But unless we are very much mistaken, it is an evil and deleterious custom, ruinous to the austerity of true appreciation either in painting or literature. Let us take, in accordance with the method above pursued, one picture alone as a strong instance of the literary title as afterthought. Mr. Frank Bramley has a picture of two compact, ruddy and grinning rustics, one male, the other female, sitting on a bench among roses as healthy and rustic as their cabbages. The picture is a singularly genial and prosaic scene treated in a singularly square and realistic manner. We turn to the title in the catalogue, and find that the picture is named after a line from Keats, of all people in the world, and is gravely entitled, "Through the Mist of Passed Years." When we read this we feel convinced that Mr. Bramley was a humourist of the darkest and most subtle type. Manifestly and palpably these two rustics are not thinking about the mist of passed years. Manifestly and palpably they are thinking whether it is time to kill the pig. But Mr. Bramley (in his strange smiling way) took a deliberate pleasure in attaching a line from Keats to people so constructed that Keats would have fainted at the sight of them. We must pay Mr. Bramley this compliment, that we feel a certain mutinous sympathy with the rustics in his picture. There is such a startling resemblance between the red faces of the human actors and the red faces of the roses that the mind cannot avoid the fancy that the world is a sturdier and more humorous thing than poets have made it out, and that roses are eternally in a state of silent protest, red in the face like angry city gentlemen, at the tears that Keats would rain upon them. These thoughts the strange conjunction of Keats and Mr. Bramley do undoubtedly call up.

Into these three divisions, as we have said, the greater number of the year's pictures seem to fall. Specimens of the first class are inevitably few and far between. This element of genuine poetic suggestion does not come often, and is not always combined with a sufficient mastery of technique. Among those, however, which strike us as possessing the fundamental potentialities of this higher type may be mentioned Mr. George Watson's "Prometheus." There are many

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"PENELOPE AND THE SUITORS." BY VICTOR ROBERTSON, R.A.

faults in the picture. But the abrupt lifting of the Titan's head from his horizontal chest so as to strike the thrice luminous oriental light gives him the look of a sphinx, a vast creature hewn in the morning of the world. A little touch of Æschlyean feeling like this comforts a literary man for much. Along with this in strength and weakness should go, perhaps, Miss Gloag's "Rapunzel," illustrative of Mr. William Morris's romance, since it so genuinely represents the mediæval revival. There is more of pre-Raphaelite ethics in the mere idea of looking down from a tower upon the woods and towns of earth than in ten chapters of John Ruskin.

The second class we have mentioned is far too large to review, but a few details may be noted. One of the disadvantages of the title as the pretext of the technical specialist is that it is always difficult to know whether, in the presence of certain eccentricities, to give the artist credit for superhuman subtlety or to blame him for mere superficial error. Mr. Seymour Lucas, for example, is an artist with a definite bent for the illustration of the

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"LADY JOAN BEAUFORT AND KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND."

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"THE HEAVENS KNOW BEST WHAT IS BEST FOR ME."—SPENSER. BY F. O. SALISBURY.

seventeenth century. In this year's Academy he has an excellent little picture of Lovelace's famous "I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honour more." It shows a soldier writing a letter on a drum, but the short hair seems more characteristic of the Puritan than the Cavalier. We do not know, however, whether Mr. Seymour Lucas means to remind us that Cavaliers of Lovelace's school had an idealistic sobriety almost equal to that of the Puritans, or whether the gentleman has given away all his hair in lockets to different ladies, and so gained an air of Puritanism possibly not entirely deserved.

There are other historical pictures to which much the same criticisms apply. Mr. Isaac Snowman has a picture of "Sardanapalus," in which some real horror is produced, whether accidentally or intentionally, by the darkened face of the womanish bearded figure writhing and swaying its long skirts in its moonstruck and unmanly dance. Mr. Holyoake has another Cavalier picture, a representation of Charles II. and Nell Gwynn illustrative of the lines from Etherege:

> Though he was glum she still was jocund,
> And chucked the royal chin of Charles II.

The word of Sir George Etherege we should not ourselves value, as Carlyle would say, to the extent of threepence; but on chucking on the chin and all kindred subjects his authority is decisive. Only for our part we should think the proceeding referred to, exerted on a person already annoyed, would produce a state of mind verging on the maniacal.

In the same class, as a picture which interprets romantically one of the most romantic stories in history, may be cited Mr. J. Doyle Penrose's picture of James I. of Scotland looking from his prison

"RAPUNZEL." BY I. L. GLOAG.

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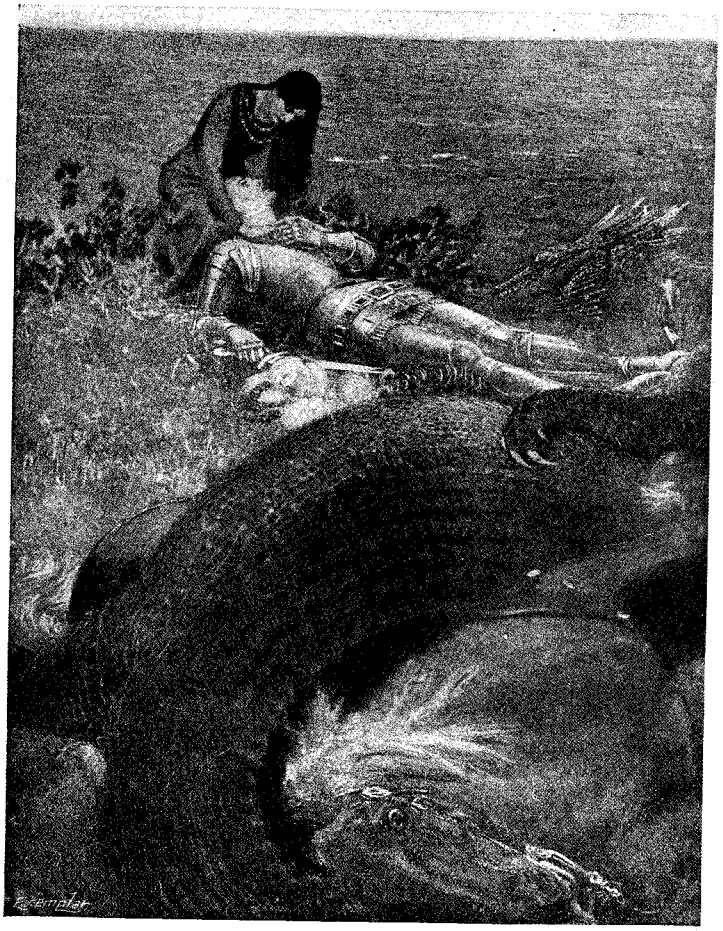
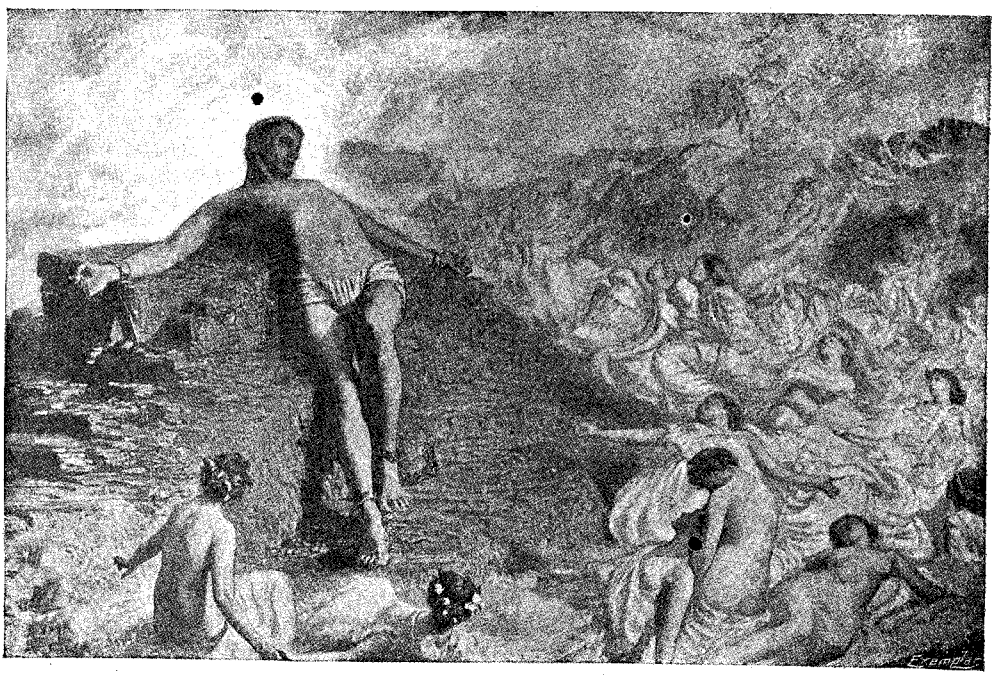


"ST. GEORGE." BY BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.



"PROMETHEUS CONSOLED BY THE SPIRITS OF THE EARTH." BY GEORGE WATSON.

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window at Lady Joan Beaufort, afterward his queen. But here again we have to note definitely the lack of deeper consideration that marks the "pretext" class of pictures. The spring-time beauty of Joan, immortalised in "The King's Quahair," is realised sincerely; the figure is gentle, beautiful, and a little effeminate —which is the opposite to feminine. But has Mr. J. Doyle Penrose remembered the sequel of that romantic and terrible story? Does he remember the part which Joan played in protecting her husband from his assassins, or the vengeance, awful even in those savage days, that she took upon them? If he had thought of these things, we do not think he would have painted her as she is painted in this graceful and poetic picture.

In order to end this large class of works with the mention of a picture of larger scope and pretensions, we may draw attention to Sir James Linton's picture, "The Opening Scene in the Decamerone," a subject chosen with genuine literary insight for a vehicle of the rich early Renascence sentiment, but not giving sufficiently the idea of the irresistible domination of the idea to give it a place in the first class.

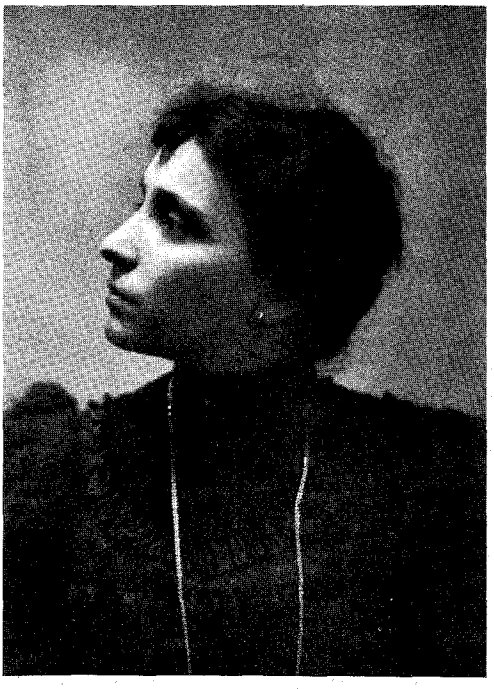
G. K. Chesterton and J. E. Hodder-Williams.

THE FOREIGN STAGE IN NEW YORK

III The Italian Theatre

On Spring Street, within a few blocks of the Bowery, the heart of the Italian quarter is laid open to the stranger. In this little section are concentrated the Italian theatre, properly speaking, an Italian puppet-show and a characteristic Italian restaurant. The poor Neapolitan in New York frequents these resorts, and on the stage of the theatre and the puppet-show he sees what he is accustomed to in the little theatres of Naples, where he goes to pass a lively or a passionate evening. After his spaghetti, chianti and "fernetbranca" (composed of paregoric, peppermint, wormwood and varnish, to judge by the taste), the suave and polite man with dark eyes and ragged clothes lights his cigarette, and with his black derby hat fixed permanently on his head he goes to see the continued fight between the armoured puppets, representing Christian knights and Saracen warriors, at 9 Spring Street, or to see *Othello*, some melodrama or farce at No. 24 of the same street.

The puppet-show is only one of several of the same kind in New York, in all of which the Italians, in rags strangely contrasting with their aristocratic lineaments and courteous manners—men mainly, but also noble-featured women and fine-eyed children—crowd with vivid interest in the manœuvrings, widows' plaints, heroic deeds, fine sentiments and all the showy trappings of mediæval warfare. The marionettes encased in complete steel—in armour, helmet and vizor—weigh from forty to seventy pounds, and when they



CONCETTA MAJORI ARCAMONA.

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PASQUALE RAPONE.

rush together in fight the noise is as tremendous as the resulting excitement in the audience. One solitary Christian knight will often meet the shock of Saracen after Saracen, swung in rapid succession to the boards by mechanical arrangements behind. A fearful meeting of rapid and resounding swords, and the Saracen lies dead in the middle of the stage, where many others are soon piled up by the doughty knight. The rattling armour, the clash of the swords, the swoop of the knight as he flies to meet the iron-harnessed enemy, the cheers of the excitable audience, combine in as exhilarating noise as the most passionate and romantic audience could desire.

Much of the theatrical life of the East Side is realistic, notably that represented in the Yiddish theatres on the Bowery; but of realism in the ordinary sense the Italian understands nothing. He has no respect for exact fact, and sees more compelling interest in these brilliant and noisy puppets than in the most intellectual and convincing comedy of manners or problem play. When, after a street quarrel, the Italian dying in a Naples hospital regains consciousness merely to ask the doctor appealingly whether he will live to stick his knife into his enemy, the same passionate spirit is expressed that is satisfied at these vigorous entertainments.

The regular theatre also satisfies the romantic and fiery Italian heart, although less crudely and with greater variety of means. The grace of the race, too, and the spontaneous character of its farce are manifested in a company of actors not particularly endowed with histrionic power, but possessing to the full the natural spirit and honest directness in passion and in fun of the people. Their farce is allied to their serious play in one important respect: it is pure fun, never approaches the comedy of manners, as it lacks entirely the intellectual and critical element; just as the serious play is pure passion and sentiment, without the reflective or philosophic element, which distinguishes the tragedy of the Anglo-Saxon, the German and the Jew. The quality of simplicity, of purity in that sense, is what runs through the tragedy, the melodrama, the farce and the acting at this little box of a theatre. The building, indeed, is so small that the constant vociferation of the prompter is heard throughout the audience: he simply reads

A. MAJORI.

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aloud the entire play; for, since five or six different dramas are given every week, the actors make no pretence of knowing their lines. But the audience, simple and at the same time sensitive to what is fundamentally dramatic, do not mind in the least. Quick to respond to the emotional situation, they do not need realistic setting and devices to make them feel the illusion of the stage. That they ignore what are really trivial incongruities points to feeling and imagination, and in æsthetic competency puts them far ahead of those *blasé* rounders on Broadway who watch closely the mechanics of the scene.

It is, indeed, the human drama only in which the Italians are absorbed. Not only intellectual comedy is absent, but even plays giving the "local colour" of the community in New York: all that is given breathes universal passion or simple fun. A play typical of those in which the actors are seen to best advantage is called *A Young Man's Heart*. In a poor café in Naples several ragged young men are drinking together. A quarrel ensues, and one of the two bosom friends calls the other a bastard and names a certain priest as the man best able to prove it. Knives are immediately drawn, but the others interfere. An affecting and exceedingly well-acted scene follows between the young man and his mother. He asks her if the charge is true. She does not deny, but refuses to tell who the man was with whom she had sinned. The priest comes in, and the young fellow picks a quarrel and is about to shoot when his mother cries out that he is the father. The action here is as simple and passionate as it is in *Cavelleria Rusticana*. The horror-stricken son leaves his parents and seeks the friend who revealed to him the truth, tells him that he was right and falls in his arms. As friends they agree to die together, and embracing, they shoot one another. Then the other personages of the drama rush in, and the old priest says penitently that he is the cause of it all. The situation throughout is simple and intense, and the actors seem so thoroughly in an emotional atmosphere natural to them that there is no trace of the unreal effect of melodrama.

La Statua di Carne (The Statue of Flesh) breathes a subtler sentiment, but in it, too, is the unpractical Italian passion,

GIUSEPPE ZACCONE.

the devotion, with no reference to reality, to the impulses of the imagination and of the heart.

In the first scene there is a dying woman, Maria, and her sorrowing lover, the Count. He says he will always love her spirit. After her death he travels for a long time and returns and visits a ball, where he meets a girl, Portia, who strikingly resembles the lost Maria. His lawyer thinks it would be well for his client to marry this girl, and he speaks to her about it. She takes it lightly at first, but considers the proposal, as he is rich and a Count. The Count is willing, for Portia seems to him a physical incarnation of the spirit of his dead Maria.

Several scenes take place between them. Portia at first rather chides the Count that he should love a dead woman more than a live one, and humorously objects to the situation in which she is placed. But finally the distant reserve with which she is treated arouses her jealousy. She falls in love with him, too, and expresses passion with charming Italian sincerity. In every scene he exasperates her by some mention of the dead Maria; when the bell sounds he goes off to put a wreath of flowers on the grave. His demeanour

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is religious, abstracted. He seems not to see the young woman longing for his love.

Finally she can stand it no longer, and runs away to her friends. A charming episode intervenes. A little flower girl offers the guests their choice of flowers. They all take some, the lawyer selecting a single daisy, "for it represents candour," he said, "modesty and honesty, and I am a lawyer." Portia comes in, crushed, unhappy. A quarrel ensues, in which Portia is reviled by one of the men. The Count arrives in time to defend her. She, flooded with happiness, is ready to fall in his arms. But he says, "I did it for the honour of the dead Maria," and she falls fainting into the arms of the lawyer.

The last act is in the graveyard. It is a charming little Italian graveyard, with a high wall, and beyond the red-tiled roofs of a few houses. On one side is a little church. One of the three graves has a garland of flowers upon it. The priest is there, and to him enters Portia, veiled in black. He tells her of love, of the devoted love of a man who comes to the graveyard every day to crown with flowers the grave of his dead loved one. She asks if that is the best love. "Yes," he answers. "The love of the spirit is the best, the only true love."

When the Count, with the lawyer and some friends, arrives to mourn at the grave, he sees the veiled figure, and thinks his Maria has come to life. But she drops the veil and reveals only Portia. The Count, in the religious, aloof manner he has maintained throughout, says he will travel again and think ever of Maria. His friend, the lawyer, asks him if he will ever return.

"Perhaps," replied the Count.

"For me?" said the lawyer.

"And for her," replied the Count, waving his arm solemnly toward the kneeling and weeping woman.

The main three characters are exceedingly well taken. There is genuine sentiment and candid passion in the acting and in the play, crude as it is technically.

In *The Hyena in the Cemetery* the native sensationalism of the Italian riots into pure horror. It is the only play I have seen at this theatre, however, which seems in the acting to be unnatural. Some sailors in Naples rob and abandon a little girl in a boat at sea, from which she escapes to a distant shore. The mother,

MAJORI IN CHARACTER.

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however, believes her to be dead, and for twelve years searches in many of the graveyards of Italy, where her habit is to dig up graves with her hands and mouth and investigate the bones of the dead. When her daughter grows to a young woman one of the sailors who had originally robbed her, who is now a rich man, desires her hand, but her wedding with another is arranged. The sailor, therefore, drugs her into the semblance of death, intending to steal her from the cemetery. It so happens that the human hyena in her wanderings has reached this particular graveyard. She is revealed to the audience digging a grave. Before appearing on the scene she announces her presence with deep and unseemly groans, then drags herself on all fours across the stage and digs up the newly buried corpse of a little girl, whom for some minutes she believes to be her child, and is in a gruesome ecstasy of delight. But just then the funeral procession of her real daughter comes to the cemetery and, frightened, the terrible mother secludes herself. When the supposed corpse is left alone by the mourners she emerges, and, discovering that it is her daughter, carries her off on her back before the villainous suitor arrives.

Shakespeare is very popular at this theatre. It is significant that two of the three Shakespearian plays regularly in the repertory and often produced here are perhaps the most passionate of Shakespeare's plays—*Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The third, indeed, *Hamlet*, is not remarkable for the kind of *entertainment* which seems to characterise the imaginative life of this graceful people, but it has tenderness and gentle sentiment, and these the Italians also love. In the Italian version and in the acting one of the main characteristics of the thoughtful and melancholy Hamlet is lost. The intellectual and reflective side of the philosophic Dane is minimised, and he is made as impulsive and active as is under the circumstances possible. In the scene with his mother Hamlet tramples violently under foot the picture of his uncle, and at the burial of Ophelia breaks into passion long before the lines warrant. Rather more of Southern spontaneity than the character will stand is inserted. In the scenes with Ophelia, with Horatio and the gentler passages with the Queen, the

tenderness and sentiment is exquisitely rendered, with always a minimising in translation and in action of the element representing the "pale cast of thought."

Othello, however, breathes passion throughout, and is meat to the dark-browed audience in the Bowery. The company has not, as a whole, much histrionic resource, and the subordinate parts are usually played without intelligence, except in the specifically Southern or Neapolitan play abounding in poverty,

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passion and death. It is noteworthy, therefore, that of *Othello* a comparatively well-rounded performance is given. Othello, Iago, Desdemona and Cassio are excellent, and everywhere in the acting is the colour of those emotions which are at once native to the actors and characteristic of the play.

In comedy, too, the same quality as in the serious drama is predominant: the intellectual element is largely lacking. It is buffoonery, farce or simply burlesque pantomime. Often the fun is exquisite in its spontaneity and native drollness.

TEATRO ITALIANO

24 SPRING STREET, N. Y.

Compagnia Comico Drammatica Italiana

A. MAJORI & P. RAPONE

No. 1

Lunedi' 30 Aprile 1900, alle ore 8 pom.

Si dara' per l'ultima volta

LA JENA del CIMITERO

DRAMMA SPETTACOLOSO IN 5 ATTI.

PERSONAGGI — ATTORI

Matteo La Rossa ..... Giuseppe Majori
Giorgio ..... Eduardo Cinirella
Marchesa Tracetta ..... Giuseppe Zacconi
Millord Ernesto ..... B. De Vincenzis
Carlo ..... Francesco Minciotti
Michele ..... Pasquale Rapone
Biagio ..... G. Ruggi
Brigadiere ..... Luigi Colombo
Custode ..... Eduardo Migliaccio
Marchesa Giulia Traetta ..... Renata Brunerini
Gemma ..... C. Arcamone
Giuseppina ..... I Scarlati
Caterina ..... A. Maurelli
Teresa ..... E. Cinirella
Filomena ..... B. Savarese
Maria detta la Jena ..... ANTONIO MAJORI
Soldati, Marinai. Popolo.

La Scena e' in Napoli e dintorni. Dal Prologo al Dramma passano 12 anni.

L'orchestra sara' diretta dall'Egregio Professor PASQUALE PENZA.

PREZZI D'ENTRATA

Platea 10c., Posti distinti 15c., Poltroncine 20c., Loggione 25c.

Tipografia Telesca & Oriente, 223 Grand Street, New York.

The excellence of the acting here also rests in the naturalness with which the unsophisticated characteristics of the race are rendered. They never play the hard, metallic, mechanical farce so popular at the uptown theatre—the same play may be given, but by the Italians it is softened, made more natural and more simply enjoyable. The construction of the farce is generally loose, which leaves room for the actors to infuse very fetching fun, roughly felicitous burlesque and pantomimic characterisation.

The Café-Chantant, a play so popular that it received the unusual honour of several consecutive productions, contains elements from the entire scale of Italian mimic fun, and also comes as near intellectual satire as is possible under the simple circumstances. In New York, Harlem, Hoboken, etc., there are many Italian music-halls or *cafés-chantants,* where cheap variety performances are given. As no admission fee is charged, drinks being depended on for profit, the regular theatre (where the price of admission ranges from ten to thirty cents) has felt keenly the unworthy competition; so that the satiric element of *The Café-Chantant,* although translated from the French, and consequently not aiming directly at New York conditions, is yet held definitely in mind by the actors and keenly understood by the audience. A couple of actors cannot secure an engagement at a regular theatre, but they live with their wives in a garret and prefer to starve rather than go to the *café-chantant,* the manager of which offers them fabulous sums for their services. Meantime, their wives sell all their stage costumes for twenty-five cents, in order to buy food; the letters that come to them turn out to be bills rather than engagements; they give lessons in acting, for which they are not paid, and finally, in deep humiliation, are forced to go to the manager of the *café-chantant,* who pays them in advance. The last act represents a performance at the *café-chantant,* where the two regular actors play a couple of clowns and go through a ludicrous pantomimic show of comic love and jealousy. The other members, however, point to the incompetence of the ordinary music-hall performers, who are indiscriminately accepted by the manager and are amateurs and fakes of various sorts. There

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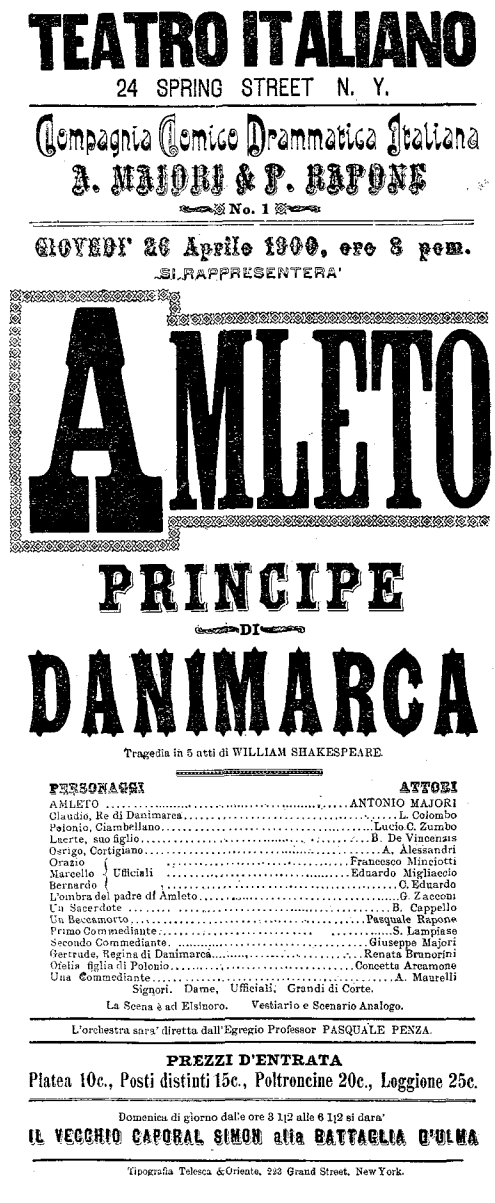
is a duet between two lovers who have taken only one lesson previously from the actors. Then comes a boy made up as a woman, who sings in a full voice and promenades about the stage, kicking his train majestically from side to side. There is a "fake" strong man who carefully manipulates wooden weights, each labelled five hundred pounds.

Unconscious fun plays a considerable part in the performances at this theatre. Between the acts an anarchistic newspaper is sometimes distributed by the ushers, one of whom is an amateur actor, who, in company with other amateurs, played *Othello* not long ago at the Germania Assembly Rooms, on the Bowery. Pasquale Romano, another usher, possessing a sense of humour and a great admiration for Shakespeare, "whose work," he says, "will never die," saw the performance and remarked that *Othello* in the original was really a very good play. He described how the Italians of the quarter had made a holiday of this particular production of *Othello*. At the end of the fourth act they sent to Othello what seemed a bunch of flowers done up in tissue-paper. But when Othello took it in his hands the paper dropped off and revealed a cabbage. He was applauded so wildly that the last act was not played, and Desdemona did not die.

The two leading actors of this little company are Antonio Majori and Pasquale Rapone. Majori is the tragedian, although he plays all sorts of parts. Tall and handsome, with a fine voice and graceful manner, it is he who plays Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, the Hyena ("as no woman," he says, "is strong enough to play the part"). He also acts the main characters in *La Mort Civile, Camille* and *Le Maître de Forges*. He was born in Sicily in 1869, and ran away to learn stage dancing, and afterward became a dancing master and then an actor. When he was eighteen years old he played *Othello* at Palermo; and two years later ran away from Italy to avoid military service. He came to New York in 1890, was a ballet-master in Kiralfy's circus for a while and at the Irving Place Theatre, and made sporadic attempts to start an Italian theatre in New York. But there were no other Italian actors in New York when Majori arrived. He collected together a few amateurs, and played once in a while on Fourth Street, between the Bowery and Second Avenue, giving *Hamlet, Othello* and Sardou melodramas and Italian comedies.

Feeling the necessity of professional support, Majori wrote to Rapone, who plays exceedingly well the comic rôles, ranging from Iago through the gravedigger in *Hamlet* to the most ordinary Harlequin affair. He is a queer little man, delightfully ugly, and a spontaneous and felicitous actor also in serious rôles. Italy is overburdened with comedians,



TEATRO ITALIANO

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A. MAJORI & P. RAPONE

No. 1

GIOVEDI' 26 Aprile 1900, ore 8 pom.

SI RAPPRESENTERA'

AMLETO

PRINCIPE

DI

DANIMARCA

Tragedia in 5 atti di WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

PERSONAGGI	ATTORI
AMLETO	ANTONIO MAJORI
Claudio, Re di Danimarca	L. Colombo
Polonio, Ciambellano	Lucio C. Zumbo
Laerte, suo figlio	B. De Vincenzis
Osrigo, Cortigiano	A. Alessandri
Orazio	Francesco Minciotti
Marcello, Ufficiali	Eduardo Migliaccio
Bernardo	G. Edoardo
L'ombra del padre di Amleto	G. Zacconi
Un Sacerdote	B. Cappello
Un Beccamorto	Pasquale Rapone
Primo Commediante	S. Lampiase
Secondo Commediante	Giuseppe Majori
Gertrude, Regina di Danimarca	Renata Brunorini
Ofelia, figlia di Polonio	Concetta Arcamone
Una Commediante	A. Maurelli

Signori, Dame, Ufficiali, Grandi di Corte.

La Scena è ad Elsinoro. Vestiario e Scenario Analogo.

L'orchestra sara' diretta dall'Egregio Professor PASQUALE PENZA.

PREZZI D'ENTRATA

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Domenica di giorno dalle ore 3 1|2 alle 6 1|2 si dara'

IL VECCHIO CAPORAL SIMON alia BATTAGLIA D'ULMA

Tipografia Telesca & Oriente, 223 Grand Street, New York.

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and Rapone, then alternately a ballet-master and an actor at Naples, hastened to New York, arriving about a year later than Majori.

Giuseppe Zaccone, now a popular old man of eighty years, the father of the famous Zaccone, who for a time was Eleanora Duse's leading man, and of young Antonio Zaccone, who performs at one of the music-halls in New York,

was the next actor to come from Italy, where he had been before the public for many years. He plays the ghost in *Hamlet,* the priest in *A Young Man's Heart,* etc. He acts with great dignity and composure, though some of the fire and versatility of his younger days have passed away.

These three are the only members of the company who were actors in Italy. Although the others have been gathered together in the quarter, and in their technical resources show the narrowness of their experience, yet in the plays with which they are in native sympathy they act often with telling unselfconsciousness. An actress very pleasing in emotional and humorous situations is Concetta Arcamona, the wife of Majori. As Ophelia and Desdemona she is graceful, touching and poetic, and in the Italian plays of passion and blood her dark face and Southern manner are always adequately expressive. Of the seventeen or eighteen other actors and actresses, half a dozen at least have personal charm and the natural aptitude for mimic expression.

Gathering up these Italians from the quarter from time to time, Majori and his companions gradually extended their enterprise. Plays were occasionally performed at Newark, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and for six months the company, then consisting of about ten, played in Philadelphia.

Two years ago the regular theatre was organised for the first time in New York, at a little place on the Bowery, but as the expenses were $700 a week and receipts only about $400, the enterprise failed at the end of four months. Majori and Rapone were not able to begin again till a year ago last May, when the present theatre at 24 Spring Street, at a low rent, was obtained, and there they have proved moderately successful. It was originally a saloon, then above it a music-hall was built, and that was transformed into the theatre. Above the theatre live Majori, his wife and child and the comedian Rapone.

During the performances the actors not taking part gather in the café in the basement, and with little piles of money on the table before them play poker and talk of dear "Napoli." They are the genuine type of strolling player, improvident, expressive and of far from sophisti-

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cated intelligence. Old Zaccone often sits here and talks of his son, and then Rapone is likely to be irreverent. The old man tells how he and his famous child lived and worked together for many years in harmony. "We got along well together," he once said, "until a *donna brutta,* who had lived with a man without a nose and was otherwise disreputable, came along and took him away from me." So the old man came to New York, and lives on a few dollars a week, while the son is famous, rich and silent as far as his father is concerned.

Sometimes in the afternoon a passerby can obtain a picturesque glimpse of an informal rehearsal going on upon the little stage. The handsome Majori with his careless cigarette sits on one side directing. The prompter, lolling over his box, is reading, as ever, with vigour, and on the other side are a row of actors with old Zaccone and the jolly and undignified Rapone among them. The scene is even more suggestive than the regular performance of the careless and spontaneous grace of this poor band of actors.

The "local colour" of the Italian quarter is a quality not easily discoverable in this little theatre community. Its quality is that of the Italians in general rather than of the Italians under special New York conditions. The audience, the actors, are just the same as they might be in a little theatre in Southern Italy, and the plays are imported, written by men in Italy. In this respect, again, there is a marked contrast between the Italian and the Yiddish stage in New York. On the latter there is much which portrays the life of the Jews in New York, an original and local element in the plays, for the making of which there are a number of Yiddish playwrights. The reason, no doubt, is that the Yiddish community have become once for all identified with New York and are undergoing changes and modifications incident to a genuine life here; but the Italians remain Italians, dreaming of sunny Naples.

There have indeed been one or two men in the quarter who from time to time have written plays supposedly based on the life here. But the number of these plays can be easily counted on the fingers of one hand. The most famous of them are *Maria Barberi, Jack the Ripper* and *The Mysteries of Mulberry Street,* the former two written by Eduardo Pecoraro and the latter by Beniemino Ciambelli. *The Mysteries* had a great success, running four successive nights. But even in these plays there is no real originality. A New York episode merely is taken, but the same thing might have happened in Naples and been treated by the playwright in exactly the same spirit—that spirit of simplicity and passion wholly unassociated with intellectual comment. The *genre,* therefore, the minor picturesque, the character sketch, the "problem" play, the interest generally in special conditions, are lacking, leaving at the base of their drama the poetry of passion.

Hutchins Hapgood.

LONDON "PUNCH" AS A LITERARY CHRONICLER

Mr. *Punch* is a man of many humours, making appeal to all his readers in their many moods, and in the pages of these first fifty years the man of letters will find much amusement, much interest, and not a little instruction. Not only are they often intrinsically valuable as literature, but *Punch's* attitude to literary movements and to writers of the day is in itself well worthy of study. The history of *Punch* and its contributors has been so fully and so ably treated by Mr. Spielmann that it is unnecessary to attempt here any survey of the famous authors who have contributed to its columns, or to sketch its literary history. Our object is rather to pass in review for

AN INITIAL OF "OUR BOOKING OFFICE."

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the entertainment and instruction of bookmen some phases of Mr. *Punch's* work as Literary Chronicler.

As we turn these pages so full of good things, the first thought that comes home to us is that if Mr. Punch's *bâton* still deals blows as powerful as ever it did, its strokes are now more mannerly than of yore. In this matter as elsewhere he mirrors the changes which have come to critical literature with the passing years. When in 1841 Mr. *Punch* made his first bow to the public his young men, both with pen and pencil, did not hesitate to express themselves forcibly and sometimes almost brutally. For certain writers *Punch* seems to have entertained a particular dislike. Harrison Ainsworth was one of these unfortunates; nothing that he did was right. He could scarcely write a line without calling down on his head a shower of caustic

IBSEN IN BRIXTON.

Mrs. Harris: "Yes, William, I've thought a deal about it, and I find I'm nothing but your doll and dickey-bird, and so I'm going!"—*Punch,* May 2, 1891.

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ridicule; the mere fact that he had his portrait painted served as a peg for pleasantry. Another butt was Lord Lytton, on whom Tom Taylor delivered his famous onslaught in an early volume. Lytton had announced that his new work *Zanoni* was not meant for the "common herd," upon which Mr. *Punch* comments: "It's all very well to talk of the 'common herd,' and say it 'was not meant for them,' with a curl of your fine lip; but you know it was meant for everybody who could pay . . . for a perusal of the volumes—and very popular it has been, especially with ladies' maids and milliners;" and further on: "It is all very well to put off a clever pinchbeck imitation for gold—we grant the skill of the workmanship and the workman—but it is too bad to insist on our acknowledging it to be genuine gold, and to call us 'common herd' when we give you a sturdy 'no.'" A very sturdy "no" certainly, but not so severe a handling as that given to the noble author by Tennyson, who, it will be remembered, replied to Lytton's sarcastic reference to "school-miss Alfred" venting her chaste delight on "drawing-rooms so warm and bright" with the famous verses "The New Timon and the Poets" (*Punch*, vol. x., p. 103).

A Timon, you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Trio: "O bless you, gentlemen, whose looks
Are very far from frowning,
Pay cash and buy the latest books
Of Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning."

—*Punch*, December 27, 1884.

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AMERICAN "COPYRIGHT BILL" IN A NEW PART.

"Die, Villain!"

"The extinction of literary piracy in America has been decreed."—*Times* Leader, March 5.

—*Punch*, March 14, 1891.

The fierce old man—to take *his* name,
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

This crushing rejoinder, as Mr. Spielmann points out, was cordially welcomed by Thackeray and the rest of the staff, who loved to castigate the fopperies of the conceited poetaster, and Lytton, it is said, was not a little astonished at the virility of "school-miss Alfred." But Tennyson's anger soon cooled; perhaps his conscience smote him; for the very next week he toned down the savagery of his first verses in an "Afterthought," in which he said:

And *I* too talk, and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.

Eventually, it is pleasant to note, all the parties in the quarrel became friends, and the *bâton* was buried between them.

Another *Punch* butt was Samuel Carter Hall, who was designated as "Pecksniff," whose art union became the "Pecksniffery," and whose catch phrase of appealing to hand, head and heart was reduced to gloves, hat and waistcoat. Carlyle, too, came in for a resounding thwack from *Punch*, who denounced *Latter Day Pamphlets* as "mere barking and froth." But, perhaps, the most famous of all *Punch's* literary animosities was that excited by Alfred Bunn. Bunn, whose claims to literary excellence were indeed infinitesimal, proved a thorn in *Punch's* side, for after enduring six years of the most persistent and sarcastic attacks he hit back, and in "A Word with *Punch*" (which, by the way, was illustrated by Sala, afterward a contributor to *Punch's* column) hit so hard that in future he was not molested.

Let us turn to *Punch* in his more happy moods. A glance at the leading cartoons shows the reader at once that *Punch* has always made remarkably successful use of literary quotations and literary personages for illustrating contemporary history. It is striking to notice that it is apparently only in two English authors, Shakespeare and Dickens, that *Punch* has found characters which would be generally known to the public and likely to convey a definite meaning. Other authors who have yielded characters and quotations for famous cartoons are Sheridan, Stevenson, "Uncle Remus," and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, whose Little

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

Thrums on an Old String by J. Muir Kirrie.

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Lord Fauntleroy has more than once been pictured with great effect.

Toward writers of fiction Mr. Punch has ever taken up the attitude of mentor, and has emphasised his teachings by using the gentle art of parody to excellent purpose. Thackeray's contributions to these volumes were not only large in quantity but admirable in quality, and perhaps no comic journal in the world can boast of such work as *The Snobs of England* and *Punch's Prize Novelists.*

Perhaps the most successful parody that *Punch* ever contained was Mr. Burnand's "Mokeanna." The first page of *Punch* for February 21, 1863, came as a shock to many people, including the proprietors, for the parody appeared exactly like a stray leaf from the *London Journal.* Thackeray was supposed to have perpetrated the burlesque imitation, but as a matter of fact the idea was entirely Mr. Burnand's, who communicated with Mark Lemon, and arranged to keep the matter an entire secret, except from those who had to illustrate the story. The joke caught on, as it deserved to do. The artists fell in with the spirit of the jest in imitation of Sir John Gilbert, who drew the first picture for Mokeanna, burlesquing his own style. Phiz, Charles Keen, George du Maurier, and Sir John Millais all took delight in parodying themselves.

"PUNCH'S" FANCY PORTRAITS.

Alfred the Great.
—March 28, 1882.

THE MODERN PISTOL.

"Base is the Slave that Pays."
—*Punch,* May 24, 1890.

Of a later date are Mr. R. C. Lehmann's *Prize Novels,* of which perhaps the most amusing and successful is "A Buccaneer's Blood-Bath," by L. S. Deevenson, from which we quote the opening of Chapter IV.:

> You are to remember that when the events I have narrated befell I was but a lad, and had a lad's horror of that which smacked of the supernatural. As we ran, I must have fallen in a swoon, for I remember nothing more until I found myself walking with trembling feet through the policies of the ancient mansion of Dearodear. By my side strode a young nobleman, whom I straightway recognised as the Master. His gallant bearing and handsome face served but to conceal the black heart that beat within his breast. He gazed at me with a curious look in his eyes.

One of Mr. Lehmann's earliest contributions to these columns was a clever parody of Tennyson's "Throstle," and a glance through these volumes reveals a number of similar contributions by George Augustus Sala, who parodied

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THE SECRETS OF LITERARY COMPETITION.

The fair authoress of *Passionate Pauline,* gazing fondly at her own reflection, writes as follows:

"I look into the glass, Reader. What do I see?

"I see a pair of laughing, *espiègle,* forget-me-not blue eyes, saucy and defiant, a *mutine* little rosebud of a mouth, with its ever-mocking *moue,* a tiny, shell-like ear, trying to play hide and seek in a tangled maze of rebellious russet gold, while from underneath the satin folds of a *rose-thé* dressing gown, a dainty foot peeps coyly forth in the exquisitely-pointed gold morocco slipper," etc., etc. (*Vide Passionate Pauline,* by Parbleu.)—*Punch,* January 24, 1891.

Tennyson's "Princess" and his own style in "Eyes of the Week," Milliken's "Fitz-dotterel," a parody of Lytton's "Glendaveril," and, of course, Mr. Anstey's delightful "Pocket Ibsen."

Punch's *poetry* has been as a whole of notably good quality, especially distinguished in "obituary" verse, which will bear quotation. Naturally Thackeray would receive kindly notice, and the pen of Shirley Brooks did justice to the "hand that was still":

He was a cynic. By his life all wrought
  Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways:
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
  His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.
* * * * *
And if his acts, affections, works and ways
  Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer,
From life to death, oh, public, turn your gaze—
  The last scene of a cynical career!

Those uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,
  Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer
From many hundred reverent voices rise
  Into the sunny stillness of the air.

These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,
  Those sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,
  Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him.

To Dickens, too, *Punch* bore eloquent tribute:

He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
  In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
  Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring—
  By might of wit and humour, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
  Of Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
  This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in letters or in Art
  Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

And then in 1889 to Robert Browning:

In mid-winter, in the silent songless snow-time,
  Your last song, all gallant glee,
Flashed upon us—and while yet we gladly listened,
Low you lay in sunny Venice that you loved so,
    Singer free!

England loved you, though your song was oft mistaken,
  For your Muse, scarce trim, was true.
Nothing hopeless, nothing maudlin or unmanly,
Nought of sick, erotic, hot hysteric drivel
    Came from you.

One who never wooed the night, but loved the daytime,
  Never doubted dawn would break,
Never dreamed delirious dim narcotic visions,

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Never culled pale flowers of sin in Stygian meadows.
Sleep—to wake.

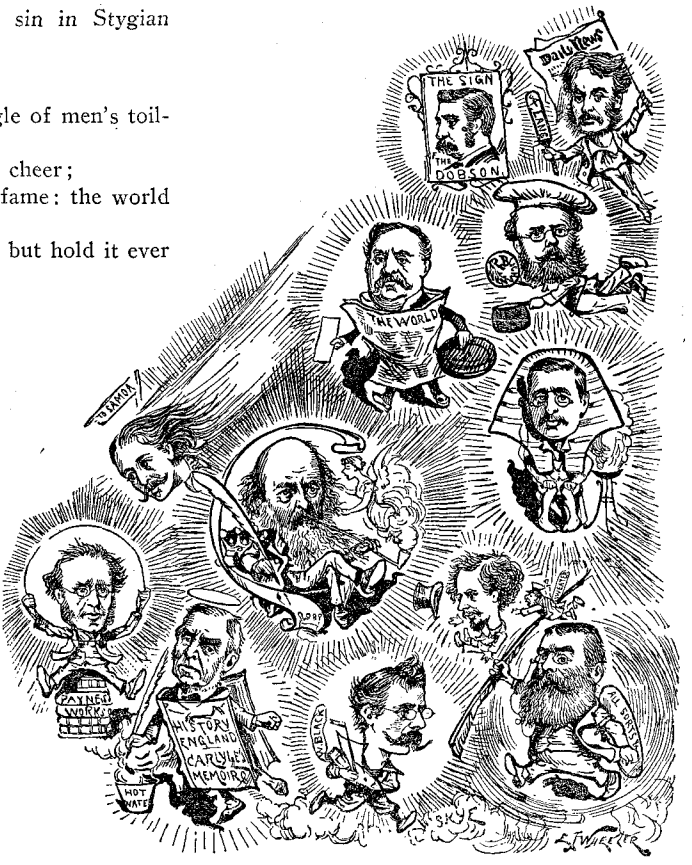
You at noonday, in the struggle of men's toil-time,
Gave us song to strengthen, cheer;
Now you sleep, but not your fame: the world you wakened
Will not let your memory die, but hold it ever
Sweet and dear!

In which verse *Punch* declares very distinctly the hatred he has always, all honour to him, shown to the "unwholesome" in literature.

But, after all, we cannot but feel that this casual survey has borne in upon us that these pages are worthy of more deliberate study. They teem, if not with direct references, at any rate with distinct allusions to the literature and the literary life of the Queen's reign. To the social student of that most striking period in English history one of its most distinctive traits is the gradual amelioration of manners. When *Punch* first set forth on his genial course he lived and moved in the pleasant land of Bohemia—so did most of his contributors; and, be it remembered, most of them were leaders in the literary republic. In his early days Mr. *Punch* made few and slight references to literary affairs and men of letters, for the simple reason that, even if interested in books, his readers were not much or desired to be much acquainted with writers. Now all this is changed; an author not only publishes his books, but puts himself before the public. So far does this hold good, that the reverse is not seldom the case, and a man puts himself forward first, and then on a foundation of notoriety endeavours to build an edifice of literary reputation.

The lot of the satirist is not altogether happy; he makes many enemies, but few friends, but *Punch*, throughout his long and worthy career, has been so impartial, so just, that a word of praise from him is to the literary man worth a volume of adulation from others. *Punch* has created a good school of literature not only directly in his own pages, but by his ever ready encouragement to all that is worthy, honest, healthy in the world of books.

Truth to tell, we have turned over these ever-refreshing volumes quite at random, and have chosen to take notice of those items in the vast bill of fare which appealed to our own peculiar taste. *Punch* is an inexhaustible storehouse not only of good writing, but of good writing about writers; he is a candid and judicious critic, milder in his manners now than he was wont to be, while just as fair. *Punch* of fifty, of forty, of thirty years ago is but a shadow of a name to most of us; to turn to him again is to renew a friendship with one whom we chiefly have known in his old age.



"LITERARY STARS."

Mr. *Punch* among the Planets.—January 3, 1891.

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WOMEN OF FICTION

The evolution of the novel from the story of mere incident or adventure to the ethical study is an indication of the deepening interest in real life. Romantic tales fail to satisfy a generation becoming more alive to the great duty of man to man.

Interest now centres in the characters rather than in the story. Modern fiction is a study of men and women and their environments—a revelation of the heights and depths of human nature. In the presentation of the manifold conditions and relations of mankind the novel is a reflection of the whole surface of life on which float the social and individual problems of civilisation.

With the progress of the world has come the advancement of woman and a contemporary development of the women of fiction. The sentimental "ladye faire" has given place to

> A creature not too bright nor good
> For human nature's daily food.

Instead of the moonlight of romance silvering shallow ripples, we have the sunlight of truth illuminating "the life currents that ebb and flow in human hearts."

To the spirit of insight tracing the course of these currents the commonest lives become significant. In the search for truth, every phase of life is studied, and as a result fiction abounds in almost as many types of womanhood as the work-a-day world we live in. There are women of history and of fancy, royal dames and provincial maids, fashionable belles and practical girls—all with the same problem of life to evolve under various conditions.

The women of fiction created by the great writers often seem more real to us than the women of history as presented in the novel. Indeed, one must sometimes question if historical fiction does not give us a picture of the women rather than an acquaintance with them. The externals are correct—scenery, costumes, incidents; but if we find the essentials of mind and heart at all, they are oftener remodelled than reproduced. For instance, when Sir Walter Scott shows us Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, it is quite evident that he was more concerned with dramatic and scenic effects than with the secrets of the woman's heart. Unless the inner life of the woman is penetrated with clear-seeing eyes, we can have nothing but a lay figure. Even Sir Walter's touch does not make a genuine woman out of a stately figure trailing ermine-lined robes through scenes of romance.

The historical women of fiction seem unreal to us because their portrayers have lacked the wide sympathies that unbar the doors of the past and embrace foreign beliefs and moralities. Until the women of history are impregnated by the spirit that is just because it is great enough to understand, they will always seem less real than the women born of imagination.

Is any historical woman in fiction as human in her nobleness as Romola, "the visible Madonna," as natural in her hypocrisy as the adventuress, Becky Sharp, or as womanlike in her misery as Anna Karénina? These women and many others created by master minds are so endowed with the warmth of life that their very heart-throbs reach us. We hearken to the keynote of "the still, sad music of humanity" to which the current of their lives is set. Human nature with all its harmony and discord is revealed in the hearts of these women.

The very pulse of selfishness beats in Balzac's Baroness de Nucingen, a woman willing to sacrifice her father that she might grace a Paris salon, as surely as the true spirit of self-denial shines in the patience of Eugénie Grandet, whose life was from first to last subjected to the miserly calculations of her father. In these two women Balzac has shown us the selfishness and unselfishness of daughterhood so completely that life itself could teach us little more.

It has been said that no man ever understood the mystery of a woman's heart as Balzac did. But after the French master few men have portrayed women better than Hawthorne. If all the women of fiction were to pass before a mirror, not one would cast a truer reflection of noble simplicity than Hilda. She is like a wild rose growing among exotics—sweet and pure among many deceits—and the quiet New Englander has so faithfully drawn the outlines and

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colourings of the blossom that the very perfume is exhaled.

But if Hilda is like a wild rose sweetening the old tower in Rome, Phœbe Pyncheon is like a rich red garden rose brightening the House of Seven Gables and filling the gloomy rooms with fragrance. Who would not welcome Phœbe to their own fireside? Such a refreshing, wholesome girl, yet gifted with a sense so delicate that she would "only peep into poor Clifford's mind as far as the light reaches, but no farther. It is holy ground where the shadow falls." Only a hand capable of such fine touches could give us a Hester Prynne, so grand in her sorrow and isolation that Matthew Arnold's words are as true of her as of Anna Karénina: "The impression of her large, fresh, rich, generous nature never leaves us—keeps our sympathy, keeps even, I had almost said, our respect."

When one leaves Hester's majesty for Beatrix Esmond's coquetry, it is like turning from the Venus de Milo to a nymph gracing some fountain—Beatrix, the spoiled darling, the idol of friends and family, for whom Pope's lines were surely meant:

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face and you'll forget them all;

whose portrait Thackeray's pen has drawn with such fine lines that we treasure the likeness, though in gazing we sigh that lovely woman so often stoops to folly.

But not even in the picture of Beatrix has Thackeray given us a figure so natural as in Becky Sharp. Yes, Rebecca, we all know you! You dine with us and amuse us; and though, of course, we don't admire your character, we do find you immensely entertaining.

Brilliant as Becky's society is, one would not care to live with her. Perhaps some of us would not agree with Professor Saintsbury in thinking that Elizabeth Bennett is the most charming life companion to be found in fiction, but surely no one would want poor Becky. Jane Austen's heroine is certainly a delightful young woman—natural, clever, fearless and affectionate, as capable of holding her own as the intrepid Becky herself. She might be a very desirable person to live with, but in all probability Miss Bennett would not choose to live with any of us—unless Mr. Darcy and his fine estate were removed from the orbit of her sphere.

So we leave the mistress of Pemberley to enjoy her husband's broad acres and turn to a demure little woman whose richest possession is the large soul that illuminates her plain features. Ah, Jane Eyre, if more women had your strength fewer homes would be defiled! You who could love so deeply and withstand such sore temptation, you are worthy of homage from every virtue-loving heart!

So also is Maggie Tulliver, who suffered keenly, renounced nobly, and found that "renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly." She was "a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come to her; with a blind, unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life and give her soul a sense of home in it." But no long draught quenched her thirst; only sometimes a few drops came to torture it, until at last the waters of the Floss bore her soul out to

> The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
> No traveller returns.

Should Maggie's spirit wandering in that land encounter the spirit of Romola, we can fancy that in one long gaze a bond would be sealed between these two souls and that thenceforth they would be inseparable. How Romola would soothe poor Maggie's torn heart—how gently she would guide her thoughts from earthly struggles to divine peace!

And if they should, perchance, meet Dorothea, she too would sympathise with Maggie, would speak quietly of the sacrifices and disappointments that taught her bitter lessons. But it is to Romola's hand that Maggie would cling, for did she not know the agony of renunciation, the abnegation of self as Maggie knew them?

George Eliot has in these characters made woman's power of self-denial so impressive that we do not say their sacrifices are like those of friends, but that those of our friends are like theirs. And so it is with all the great women of fiction. They are so natural, so true to life

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in thought and deed that they become types of womanhood. What Mr. Hamilton Mabie has said of great men may be truthfully said of these imaginary women: "Each one is so identified with a general truth that the character and the truth are really identical in our thought."

In order to give us such women, women who are typical of great truths, our writers must know the head-lines of human destiny—joy and sorrow; must know them as none can know save those who have lived and suffered. Only the few whose senses have reeled in transports of joy; who have seen through tears the dregs in the bottom of the cup of despair; who can understand the delights and sympathise with the struggles of others; who can combine these elements in their imagination and "shoot the soul" into the created form—only these can by the might of their genius create the great women of fiction.

Ella Stryker Mapes.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE

VII. Gerhart Hauptmann's "Schluck und Jau"

In the brief prologue to the latest of his dramatic attempts, Gerhart Hauptmann warns his audience not to take his piece too seriously, but to accept it as the child of some "care-free mood." The hearer would perhaps enjoy nothing better than to follow this advice and to surrender himself for the moment to the "mardigras" of the scenes that are to come. Let us then intrust ourselves to this guidance of our author, and allow him to plunge us into the whirl of playful confusion. Through six scenic presentations we follow him. We are part and parcel of the play, a company of careless companions gathered at the close of the hunt in some remote castle of Southern Germany, banqueting and feasting for the last time as we prepare to say farewell. And as we enjoy (or try to enjoy) our revel, a play is presented to us by the master of the hunt as a fitting climax to the season's cheer and pleasure.

The curtain parts, and before us in the fading light of day we perceive at the castle's gate two vagabonds, one of whom is "paralyzed," the other just sober enough to make an effort to quiet his drunken companion and to induce him to depart.

We are, I suppose, still convulsed with laughter at the excruciatingly funny antics of the two, when Jon Rand and his followers return from the hunt and surprise these two in their drunken calisthenics. At once a bright idea flashes through the mind of the prince's friend Karl. These two boon companions, known to him and the whole countryside, as drunken loafer and quack mountebank, may be utilised for the entertainment of the company.

Jau, in drunken sleep, is to be clothed in princely garments and put to bed in an unoccupied part of the castle, and upon awakening in the morning, is to be treated as a prince by all, even by the prince himself. Jon Rand consents to a plan that promises such sport to his young wife, Sidselill, and all his guests. The two vagabonds are led into the castle and the company soon follows.

Karl's scheme works to perfection. Jau awakens from his stupor to find himself surrounded by princely luxuries and attentive retainers. The prince himself appears at his bedside as physician-in-waiting. But Jau's troubled brain cannot accommodate itself to the unheard-of situation. To him it is all a nightmare, and at first he appeals to his absent spouse to break the spell that is upon him. Soon the reality of his surroundings convince him that it cannot be a dream. Then, indeed, he must have died, and is now in hell. If so, he is quite satisfied with his abode. More and more, however, the actuality of things is impressed upon him. He is, after all, alive. The crown upon his head confirms the statements of those present. He is the prince, has been suffering heretofore under the hallucination that he was but a worthless vagabond, and now he has returned once more to a rational mental state. With that conviction, he jumps out of bed and begins to order everybody about unsparingly. Nevertheless, he is

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living in two worlds, and so he calls upon his wife to witness the sights that surround him. Outside the hunters are preparing for the hunt, and admonished by the real prince not to relapse into his old hallucination, he commands all to follow him to the chase.

Again the curtain parts. This time to give us a view into the antechamber of the Princess Sidselill. In the courtyard outside Jau has mounted Karl's hunting-hack to lead the party in the morning's chase. His difficulties in managing the steed are appropriately described to us by Karl himself, who has come to enlist the lady-in-waiting to the princess, Frau Adeluz, in his schemes for the day. She is to coax the mountebank, Schluck, to lend a helping hand in the proposed farce. For Schluck has been "slated" by Karl to assume the rôle of the princess, and present himself to Jau as his royal consort. The hilarious cheers of the party without are still ringing in our ears when poor Schluck is led in, and soon falls a victim in his naive conceit to the flattery of Frau Adeluz, by whom he is then sent into an adjoining chamber to garb himself in silk and satin.

After a third intermission, we see the whole party collecting in the banquet-hall after the hunt. The merry farce of convincing vagabond Jau of the actuality of his princely station goes on apace. He is told with greater detail of his past sickness and his odd hallucinations, and urged by the real prince, still in the rôle of physician-in-waiting, to resist manfully any return of the old disease. The pseudo-physician promises to warn him by a touch on the bell whenever any signs of a relapse show themselves. Naturally such lapses into his old life occur frequently, and then the warning bell tinkles in his ear. Finally the constant admonition enrages him. "Doctor, what's up now? Doctor, that must quit! Why, I'm in a constant lowdown thundering fear! For what am I here? It's enough to make one sweat blood. For what have I become well again? I'm drinking wine! The food suits me first-rate, and altogether I'm feeling tip-top. But you mustn't vex me. If you do—if you do vex me, then something will happen! If you vex me! Just mind my eye, then—well—mind my eye! This time it may pass! But if once I get real downright angry, then—!" Thus he thunders at the prince, sufficiently imbued with the sense of princeliness to assert authority, and yet not prince enough to shake off his true nature. The disguised Schluck is now led in. Jau recognises his old companion, and once more the warning bell sounds. Schluck is but a phantom of past hallucinations, Jau must put this from him and treat his consort with the proper deference of a now rational prince. Poor Jau makes a desperate effort to accord with this view. But Schluck's whole appearance, his continued lapses from the part he is playing, are too much for Jau. He evades the gushing embrace full of fright. "Away, you devil's hag! Out of my sight with the wench! Out of my sight with her! Out at once, I say! I'll run away! I was never so sane as now! If that is my wife—she, yes, she's the very one who made me sick. Out with her!"

Jau will not endure her presence and rushes from the room. Roaring with laughter, the company disperses to assemble in the following scene in the court without, allowing the desperate Jau to rush cursing and threatening through the castle.

Soon, however, he joins the merry play of the courtiers and court ladies. Now he is prince, absolute in his authority. First of all, he must rid himself of that nightmare of a hag, who, they say, is his wife. His physician-in-waiting must prepare for her a sure poison. Thereafter he will take unto himself a more charming consort, the widow Adeluz. Schluck in the meantime, frightened by the thought of his long absence from home and the reception he will there receive from his wife; uneasy likewise amid the crazy whirl into which he has been cast, has managed to make his escape. Jau is at the height of his self-deception when Schluck returns clothed in his old garments. Jau trembles at the sight of him. All pretend that it must be a spook that he sees, that there is no such person present as he describes. This enrages the would-be prince. If indeed his old hallucinations have returned to plague his life, he will have done with them once for all. And so he chases the protesting Schluck from pillar to post, from prince to court lady, vowing to kill him, until at last the court gate offers a

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welcome exit to the frightened Schluck. With this the farce has reached its climax. The actuality of his princely life and the actuality of a past life, so wholly different and so visibly recalled by the undisguised appearance of Schluck, both possess him with such force that neither seems real, but both a dream. In sombre uneasiness, rubbing his forehead and breathing deeply, he tries to find some escape out of the confusion of his senses.

The prince commands that a sleeping draught be handed him, for

If man or beast attempts to read his dreams,
When once his dreamlife's key is lost,
Then naked, shiv'ring in the world of space
He stands before his door and suffers pain.

The merry-making has ceased when the curtain parts for the last scene. Jau lies in deep slumber at the castle gate, clothed in his old garments. Here Schluck finds him, and, having roused him, endeavours to lead him away. But Jau objects. He is still a prince, and cannot be convinced of the contrary, until the princely party ushers forth from the gate and treats him and Schluck as what they are, paying Schluck for his conscious, Jau for his unconscious, contribution to their merriment. After all, then, it was but a dream, and half content with this thought, Jau trudges off with his old crony Schluck to confide to him the wonderful experience of this dream and to forget its unreality in a drunkard's spree.

We likewise bid farewell to the collected huntsmen and separate to our respective homes conscious of a curious revulsion of feeling. We have given ourselves up to a "care-free mood," and now a prick of conscience troubles us. We were, after all, more "careless" than "care-free." It is the penalty we pay for taking the author at his own valuation. We might have been better advised. We might have known that the recluse of Schreiberhau, the writer of *Lonely People, The Weavers, Hännele, The Sunken Bell,* and *The Teamster Henschel,* the brooder over the tragic isolation in human existence, the poet-interpreter of the dream of life, could not produce "a child of a care-free mood."

The comedy *Schluck und Jau* is essentially too serious to be heard or read in the spirit of abandonment to the merry jest of the moment. The phenomena of life are the whimsicalities of a dream; we and all animate life are but "such stuff as dreams are made of." Only one thing is real, only one thing can lay claim to permanency: the inner self. Constantly, therefore, this true self seeks to come into accord with the casual phenomena among which it finds itself placed, constantly it seeks to adjust the thread forever snapping between it and the fleeting show about. And so Karl is made to say to the stupefied Jau in the final scene:

Be thou content, my man! For thou hast dreamed.
I, too, when standing here, no less the prince,
No less his hunters, and his servants, too,
We dream, and to each one the moment comes,
Sev'n times each day or more, when he will say:
Now I awake—before I did but dream!

And in similar words Karl says to the prince:

And are we more forsooth
Than naked sparrows? More, indeed, than Jau?
Believe it not! For what we really are
Is little more than what he really is:
And airy bubbles are our dearest good.

And indeed the prince's life and that of his court is but an "airy bubble," a fact perhaps most strongly accentuated by the relation between the prince and Sidselill.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to point out the predominant element of romanticism in this latest of Hauptmann's dramas. His *Hännele* and *Sunken Bell* have already prepared us for this. But that he should go so far as to imitate the technic of the romanticists can be explained only through the assumption that the hearer was to be made to feel—at least for the moment—the unreality of phenomenal life more keenly by being himself transferred into the action of the comedy. Whether the means adopted to this end justify themselves in Hauptmann's play seems at least doubtful. One thing, however, can hardly be denied—namely, that in his *Hännele* the poet has presented the same idea far more convincingly and poetically than seems to us to be the case in *Schluck und Jau.*

J. F. Coar.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

A new subscriber in this city writes a letter which we divide into two parts:

(1) From a perusal of your Letter-Box, I infer that it is quite the proper thing for your readers to "call you down."

It is.

(2) In your Stephen Crane article (page 406) you say that *Maggie* "brought the author to the attention" of Mr. Howells. Is this correct, or would it not be better to say that *Maggie* brought the attention of Mr. Howells to the author?

We don't see why one expression is any better than the other. If our correspondent does, he ought to explain. Then we will talk it over with him.

II.

A gentleman connected with an influential newspaper in Savannah writes two large pages of expostulation (which he calls "a kick"), because, in mentioning the portrait of an author, we frequently say, "We reproduce herewith, etc." He remarks that the phrase is tiresome to him, and he enumerates the different portraits to which we have called attention in these words. We are sorry that he doesn't like it; but this phrase is a formulaic line with us, like the formulaic lines in Homer, and our correspondent ought to think of it in that way. Then it will have classical associations for him.

III.

A letter from a gentleman in this city:

DEAR BOOKMAN: Referring to letter No. 1 in the July BOOKMAN, did not Baden-Powell mean more than the short E? Was there not a pun intended—"The way out of Mafeking is short"—or something similar as a first meaning, and the correction of the Doctor's quantity as a sly dig?

No; the Latin does not admit of such a rendering as this, which would imply an ellipsis of *via* or something of the kind. Besides, the way out of Mafeking wasn't short, but precious long.

IV.

We have met a good many literal-minded persons, but the gentleman who wrote the following letter from Morristown, New Jersey, is, we are convinced, the most literal-minded of them all.

To the Editors:

How many "hearts" has Cecil Rhodes? In the May number of THE BOOKMAN, page 306, you write: "We believe, indeed, that in his heart of hearts Mr. Rhodes must recognise, seq." Most men have but one heart, as Shakespeare believed when he put into Hamlet's mouth the words:

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

Hamlet had but one heart. Has Cecil Rhodes more than one?

This gentleman evidently allows nothing to language for the sake of the picturesque or the poetical; so we shall not discuss his point on that basis, but shall treat it in his own literal way. Suppose he used the expression "I am in two minds about doing so-and-so," and suppose that we were to object that he could not possibly have more than one mind, he would doubtless reply that, in such a phrase as the one quoted, the word "mind" is not used in the sense of "intellect," but rather in the sense of "purpose" or "opinion." Now, in speaking of Mr. Rhodes's "heart of hearts," we did not necessarily mean the particular organ in his body which pumps blood, but we used the word in the traditional, unscientific and secondary sense of "thought," so that his "heart of hearts" is simply the most intimate and secret thought of all his thoughts.

Having now explained all this quite patiently and in a low, soft tone of voice, we suddenly rise and smite this gentleman with his own Shakespearian quotation. When Hamlet says, "In my heart of heart," what does he mean? Let us be literal-minded, too. He means that, first of all, he has a heart, and then a heart of that heart. Therefore, according to Shakespeare, Hamlet had two hearts. Does the literal-minded gentleman from Morristown perceive that he is hoist with his own petard?

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V.

A Girl (that is the way she signs her letter), writing from what politicians call "up the State," asks the following naïve question:

Are distinguished authors really vexed when people write to them for their autographs?

Some of them pretend to be; but in reality they are tickled to death.

VI.

The following letter is from Philadelphia:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

In Chronicle and Comment, page 207, May number, you refer to "nullah" as a Dutch word.

I had always supposed "nullah" to be a Hindustani word, meaning a dry watercourse, and that the use of the word by English correspondents in the Transvaal was owing to the familiarity of English peoples with East Indian affairs, and that "nullah," like "loot," "bungalow," etc., was generally recognised as to its derivation.

If I am in error in this matter, will you kindly make it evident in your interesting columns?

Our correspondent is entirely correct about the word "nullah"; but, in truth, though we phrased our sentence rather carelessly, we had not intended to refer to words of strictly Dutch origin alone, but in a general way to words that have lately come into use here by reason of the South African War. As a matter of fact, many of the words and names that appear in the dialect spoken by the Dutch in South Africa and belonging to the vocabulary of what is known as "Taal," are not really Dutch at all, but were introduced into the local speech from Hottentot and other native sources, and were then made to assume forms analogous to those of pure Dutch words. If our correspondent objects to "nullah," let him mentally take it out and substitute, let us say, "kloof." We have always enjoyed and admired the word "kloof." It is so kloofy.

VII.

Speaking of the South African War reminds us that we have received only one letter on that subject during the past four weeks. As the letter is unique not only in this respect, but in others, we think, perhaps, that we had better print it. It comes from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Have you realised yet how thoroughly your recent somewhat amusing comments on the Anglo-Boer War bear the stamp of the underbred American citizen—the lower-class American who goes abroad with the American flag pinned on his button-hole, spits on the floor in a drawing-room, and knows no other theme of conversation than the greatness of "my country"? For the sake of the magazine you are supposed to edit, can you not have dignity enough to suppress your jealousy of England and the English, natural to the American of your class, but out of place in a literary magazine supposed to be fair-minded and impartial?

We know this lady to be a true patrician—exquisite in breeding, gentle in demeanor, refined in thought, perfect in manner and courteous in speech. Anybody can tell that by merely reading over her letter. But we should like to ask her just one question. Did she ever really see an American spit on the floor of a drawing-room?

VIII.

Although the following letter was not intended to be published, we venture to print it none the less, both because we admire the courteous tone in which it is written and because we do not desire to have our public shortcomings corrected only in private.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

This is a strictly private letter, not written for the writer's glorification, but merely as a possible help to an editor who makes his readers his debtors.

"Similes are no arguments: that is why they convince people so."—*Hard Cash,* chap. xlix., cf. BOOKMAN, vol. xi., page 420.

We sincerely thank this gentleman for giving us the reference and thus correcting a quotation of ours which was made by us hastily and from memory.

IX.

A lady in Elizabeth, New Jersey, writes

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to say that she considers our June cover "very, very artistic." Another lady in Baltimore asks, "Why, oh, why did you change the dress of THE BOOKMAN?"

This seems to be a stand-off.

X.

Up in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, originally called Pontoosuc, we believe, there is an atmosphere of tranquillity and repose that must be most delightful. In Pittsfield, men and women have ample time to commune with nature and with their inner selves, soothed to a delightful calm by the elms and the six lakes, and the rippling Housatonic.

When they read a magazine, also, they have ample time to mull over it and to assimilate and digest all its editorial utterances. And finally, they have time to sit down and tell the editor just what they think about him and about what he has said; and they do it in the most charmingly discursive style and in sentences that are full of friendliness even when they are replete with criticism. Such a letter is before us now; and although it is pretty long, we are going to publish it in full, partly because it is so typical, and partly because we have enjoyed it, and partly also because we are too lazy to condense it.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have been looking over your comments in the July BOOKMAN, and —at the risk of calling down upon *my* head also the vials of your sarcastic wrath—I confess that I need further enlightenment.

On page 486, under section xi., may I ask your authority for the use of "between three"? Kindly look in the *Century Dictionary*, under the word "between"—more especially the fine print under definition 8, and tell me if I am to repudiate *that* verdict or *your* usage.

I notice your evasion of the point of syntax by falling back on Milton. I am inclined to think "what was good enough for Milton" is often *not* good enough for us. We should write most remarkable nineteenth century English if we followed him blindly. Now I am on this point, I'd like to ask, purely for my own information, if you justify in *that* way the following blunder, so prevalent at present? *"No* town is so beautiful as this"; *"No* man in the world shows such talent as he"; *No American writer* has wrought out a work of fiction so full of meaning as this book, etc."—Mr. Grant certainly being *an American writer*. I know that Milton wrote:

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born,
His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve";

but I did *not* suppose it was a commendable form of expression, or construction, which we were carefully to adopt at the present day.

En passant, the sentence I have quoted anent *Unleavened Bread* also raises another question on which I need help. Why "this book of Mr. *Grant's*," and not of Mr. *Grant?* Of course, I know the error is terribly common, but all the more for that reason I want to know why *you*—of all men—condescend to use it. If "Grant's" means anything as a possessive, it must mean Grant's book. Is it then the proper thing to say, "Such a work of fiction as this book of Mr. Grant's book"? Possibly you would mean "of Mr. Grant's *composition*"; but we say "a friend of *his*." What does "his" mean? Would it not be far better to say simply "his friend," or even "the friend of him"? This last, though certainly inelegant, would at least be grammatical.

Only one more thing: If, as I understand, Dr. Haig-Brown wrote in *English*, where is the "neat scoring" of Baden-Powell? People who, having lived in Mafeking, presumably know its proper pronunciation, say "Ma-fek'-ing." What then would be the trouble with Dr. Brown's English line? *If* he wrote in Latin, is not the "point" of the retort quite lost by quoting him in English?

There are *many* other things I long to ask so competent an authority, but I owe you an apology already. Please don't refer me to "common usage," when common usage is plainly incorrect.

Disentangling from their excess of language and their bewildering richness of italics the actual points which our correspondent makes, we will take them up and answer them in order.

(1) We have not consulted the *Century Dictionary*, but we cheerfully admit that "between three" is etymologically inexact as an equivalent for "from among."

(2) The lady will please remember that we did not say that what was good enough for Milton *ought* to have been good enough for the author of "Charm," but merely that it was. He is a perverse sort of person anyhow.

(3) When we wrote that "No Ameri-

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can writer has wrought out a work of fiction so full of meaning as this book," the expression is not reprehensible, because it cannot possibly mislead any one where the context makes it absolutely plain. We ought to allow a certain freedom of expression in writing idiomatic English, bearing in mind the usage of the Latin writers, who always constructed their sentences upon the assumption that these would be read by persons endowed with a reasonable amount of intelligence and a capacity for consecutive thought. Of course, strict accuracy did require "No *other* American writer, etc."

(4) As to the point about "This book of Mr. Grant's," the Pittsfield lady is pathetically astray. "Mr. Grant's" is in the possessive case with the ellipsis of the word "books," the construction therefore being what classical grammarians would call the partitive genitive. When paraphrased it is equivalent to "of all the books that Mr. Grant has written." As to "a friend of his," that means "a friend of [among] his friends"—that is, one of his friends.

(5) If the lady will scan the first line of Baden-Powell's Latin couplet, or if she will get some classical friend to scan it for her, she will find that the accent in the word "Mafeking" *must* fall upon the first syllable; and we presume that Baden-Powell is a pretty good authority on everything relating to the place, including the pronunciation of its name.

It pleases us to be described as "a competent authority" by a lady who evidently believes that in the last number of THE BOOKMAN we made some sort of an error in pretty nearly everything that we wrote. It is also a compliment to have our observations read with such minuteness. We hope that everybody up in Pittsfield is well.

XI.

Sooner or later, we felt in our bones that somebody would write to us about the alleged connection of Rudyard Kipling with the production of *David Harum*. We were right. The following letter has come to us, and it is evidently written in good faith:

DEAR SIR: Would you kindly let me know if Rudyard Kipling wrote *David Harum?* I think he did, as one recognises his writing throughout the book. It was never written by any American, "Wescot" or other, but by some one who hates the Americans and their ways. Besides, it was reported Kipling was writing a book about the people of Vermont. Where is it? Is *David Harum* not it? He simply changed the scene to New York.

(2) Is not Mr. Astor who removed from New York to London the person referred to in Kipling's "In the Fourth Dimension"?

Please answer through the columns of THE BOOKMAN, and oblige

ONE WHO WOULD KNOW.

No; Mr. Kipling did not write *David Harum*. That theory was first promulgated by a wicked Western humourist, who must have been equally surprised and delighted when he found that it was taken up seriously in the East by the sort of persons who belong to Browning Clubs and Stetsonian Sisterhoods. These people will never find out that it was a joke; because if they knew a joke when they saw it, they wouldn't belong to Browning Clubs and Stetsonian Sisterhoods. But it really *was* a joke, and *David Harum* was really written by "Wescot," whose name, by the way, is more usually written Westcott.

As to Mr. Astor, we don't think that he is the American referred to in Mr. Kipling's story. The person in the story was an impetuous person, and Mr. Astor is not that.

XII.

The inimitable and irrepressible Miss Carolyn Wells has sent us a criticism consisting of just two strokes of her prolific pen. Miss Wells uses pale blue stationery, and upon a sheet of it she has pasted the following sentence clipped from a review of ours in the last number of this magazine:

Flossy Williams is as much of a creation as is Selma herself, and Mr. Grant has wonderfully caught and vivified for us the curious combination of cleverness, audacity, good-nature and *verve* that carry Flossy up the heights.

Opposite this sentence Miss Wells has made a large, bold exclamation point. We suppose this means that in her opinion the word "carry" ought to have been

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"carries"; but if so, Miss Wells is wrong, for the subject of "carry" is the relative pronoun "that," which refers not to "combination," but to "cleverness, audacity, good-nature and *verve*," which, taken together, constitute an antecedent in the plural number. Somehow or other it comforts us to find that for once in a way Miss Wells's preternatural cleverness has failed her.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Cupe did not go directly home from the door of Mr. Wagner. Instead, with the sack over his shoulder, the sack that contained the box taken from the jar in the graveyard, he sought the dwelling of Judge Elford. Once before he had passed from door to door of these two houses, and this second reception at the home of Judge Elford was nearly a repetition of the first one. The negro was invited into the sitting-room (study) of the venerable jurist, and in kindly tones asked to state his business.

Glancing about, he threw in a side remark, by way of introduction:

"De bot'm ob de cheer yo' wah sittin' in am in trouble ag'in. Ef yo'll let de nigger took et home, he'll put in a new bot'm."

"All right, Cupe," said the judge, knowing well that this was not the business which brought his caller at that hour.

"Et am many yeahs sense Cupe larned ter bot'm cheers. De co'n-shuck twist am hardah dan de hick'ry strip, an' de hick'ry bot'm las' de best."

"Let it be a hickory bottom."

"Lawd, de dimes an' qua'tahs what Cupe made bot'min' cheers fo' Stringtown folk," the old darkey remarked, and reached again into the sack; taking therefrom the heavy oblong tin box, he stepped deferentially to the desk of the judge and placed it before him, inserted a tiny key into the lock, turned it, raised the lid and stepped back.

A paper, neatly folded, lay beneath the cover. This Judge Elford removed by request of Cupe, opened and read. Then he gazed in surprise at the negro and remarked:

"Your freedom, Cupe, you are a free man! These papers were drawn up fifty years ago; they are properly signed and witnessed."

The old man chuckled, and then said: "Dah am 'nuddah papah."

"Yes," the judge continued, and read again; then he said: "This paper is a bill of sale. In consideration of twelve hundred dollars, to be paid by Cupid Hardman to the legal heir of your recent master, Dinah is to be freed."

Again the negro chuckled: "An'll yo' count de money in de box?" He leaned over, by an effort carefully inverted the box on the desk, raised it, and lo! a pile of money. Coins of every size and description, but largely made up of gold pieces. The astonished judge, though rejoicing in his humble friend's triumph, was reluctant to undertake the tedious task suggested by the negro, who himself realised that it was a task.

"Dah am 'zacly twelve hunderd dollahs. Yo' kin take yoah time ter count et." The wrinkled fingers of the slave playfully stirred the medley of coins. Picking up a silver dollar, Cupe eyed it closely, saying: "De ma'k am on yo' yit—de ma'k ob de file. Kin yo' memberlec' de night yo' wah handed to Cupe, de night ob de shiveree? De bright young missus in de house on de pike han' yo' ter Cupe, an' say: 'Fo' waitin' on de table, Cupe God bress her sweet face! Cupe sees her yit es she smile at de nigger dat wed'n night, de night she marry Ma'se Nordman. But de face am sow'erin' now—one chile wearin' de Blue, de uddah wearin' de Grey."

Unwrapping the tissue-paper from a five-dollar gold piece, Cupe abruptly addressed the judge: "Did yo' ebah see dis shinin' piece befo'?" Then continued, without waiting for an answer: "An' why should yo' know de coin from ets bruddahs? Yo' hab seed many like et, suah. But Cupe ma'ked dis beauty, an' heah am de ma'k." He pointed to a tiny cross. "Do yo' min' de day Cupe hole de strap an' let de coffin ob de missus down inter de earf? an' do yo' min' how de rain came down jes once an' den de sun shine bright, an' how es Cupe rise up he gib yo' de meanin' ob de bressed sign? An' do yo' min' dat es Cupe pass

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yoah doah dat night yo' came out an' slip de shinin' gol' into his han'? Dis am dat coin, Ma'se Elford." Cupe turned it slowly between his fingers. "Et am es bright es de day et wah buried, an' de face ob de angel missus in Heaben am shinin' bright es dat gol'. De grabe can't rub de shine off de gol' yo' gib in her name. But dah ain't no youse in sech memberlectin's. De money am all honest now, an' Cupe made et square, but de Lawd knows wha' some ob et hab be'n."

The negro paused in his speech, and contemplated the gold. The judge sat silent. Evidently his thoughts were of the past, which had been recalled by Cupe's artful tongue. By and by he asked: "Is this money for the purpose of buying your wife, Dinah?"

"Et am. Dis nigger hab be'n sab'n' de money fo' de pu'pose. De patch ob terbacker what he raise in de Saturday afternoon am bu'ned long, long ago; de rabbet what he sell ter Stringtown folks am gone, an' de folks what eat et am dead; de cheer bot'm what Cupe put in hab be'n wo'n out, but de money dey brung am safe. Yo' kin count et at yoah ease, Ma'se Elford; et am all dah." He turned to the door.

"Take the papers, Cupe, your own and Dinah's freedom papers." The negro hesitated. "Ef et am de same ter yo', Ma'se, de papahs an' de money may stay tergeddah. Mebby dah won't be no youse fo' de papahs. Cupe doan wan' no disgrace on his head, an' doan 'tend ter hab no disgrace."

"Explain your meaning."

"Ef some mahn'n de cry come ter Stringtown dat Cupe an' Dinah am gone, ef de cabin am empty an' de doah locked, ef dah hain't be'n no good-bye said, de folks ob dis heah town'll 'cuse Cupe an' Dinah ob stealin' demsels an' runnin' 'way ter Canerdy. Ef sech tings come, will yo' stan' in de Cou't an' show dat freedom papah ob Cupe an' count de money he pay fo' Dinah inter de box ob de Cou't?"

"I will."

"An' sabe de honah ob de two ole slabes?"

"Depend upon it, I will."

Again Cupe turned to the door, and again he stopped. "But ef Cupe an' Dinah keep libin' in de cabin, bettah yo' keep de papahs an' de money, an' keep all de fac's ter yo'selb; an' ef Cupe an' Dinah die in de cabin, de papahs am ter be read by de preachah at de grabe's side, fo' Cupe wan's ter go inter Heaben free, an' ter hab a free wife too."

"And the money?"

"De money am fo' Susie, ef she ebah am foun'."

"Susie is gone forever."

"Do yo' 'member what Cupe tole yo' de night he stan' in dis room an' beg fo' de chile?"

"Yes."

"He say: 'De *law* say dat de chile can't lib wid Cupe, but de *sign* say dat she mus' lib wid Cupe."

"That is what you said, Cupid."

"An' Susie am gone ferebah yo' say, but Cupe b'l'ebe in de sign, an' Cupe say dat she am not gone, but'll come back when de law am out ob de way."

"What do you mean, Cupe?"

"'Ud yo' let her stay wid de brack folks ef she wah ter come back?"

The judge looked quickly at the earnest old slave. A sudden flash of light crossed his face. "Yes," he impulsively added, "if Susie is found her home may be with you until she asks to go elsewhere."

"An' so God am greater dan de law," said Cupe. "Yo' may fold dem papahs 'way, Ma'se, case Cupe don't 'tend ter be freed. Ef he wah a free man he couldn't stay in de cabin. Et am monstrous pleasant ter be a slabe an' not ter worry obah de rent er feed. Et am pow'ful satisfyin' ter de soul ter open de eyes in de mahn'n an' see de co'n a-growin' an' heah de chicken an' de duck crowin' an' a-talkin' an' ter know dat de flour sack an' de meal bar'l am full. Cupe an' Dinah'll jes wait in de cabin an' be slabes 'til dey die, an' ef Susie comes back ter Stringtown she'll fin' de cabin doah open an' de cubah spread on de table. Jes sot de money 'side fo' her in case ob a rainy day, an' read de papahs ob freedom obah de grabe ob de niggers, an' den gib de money ter de Susie chile." So saying, Cupe backed out of the room and closed the door behind him.

The lamp that threw its light over the open book wherein Mr. Wagner once had read the lines that saved Cupe, "By Right of Clergy," lighted the desk, now weighted with coin collected during that man's many days of bondage. As the door closed the upright jurist murmured: "Thank God the negro has found the child, but how can I explain to Mr. Wagner that he must give up Susie?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The edge of winter, moving down from the North, had brought mist and cloud. The air of the day just passed had been saturated with gloom and shade. The clouds hung low; they scraped the tree-tops in the woodland on the hill, but no rain had fallen from their sombre folds. Instead arose cool breezes that grew

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cooler as the day sped and fairly cold when evening came. If the sun moved across the heavens that day no ray from it reached the earth. The preceding night had turned from darkness directly into leaden day, the dreary day had worn itself out and disappeared in gloom; there had been no twilight of morn or eve, there had been no blending of light and darkness. All day long the clouds had toiled up from the earth in the far northwest, and rubbed themselves into the earth again in the southeast. All that so-called day earth and sky had made of themselves one gloom circle. Sharp, indeed, need the eye have been that could tell the east and west apart at sunrise or sunset; sharp, indeed, he who could catch a shaded edge to either east or west at dawn or dusk. Day and night that night and day pushed each other into and then out of sight. They had simply come and gone without a morning or an evening twilight usher.

When Cupe stepped into the house of Mr. Wagner it was still daytime, yet the lamp was lighted; when he stepped out again night had come, but no brighter lamplight was needed than before the day had fairly sped.

There was no moon, but had there been a full moon high in the heavens no ray could have pierced that thick cloud cloak. The heavens and the earth were hid from sight. When Cupe left the door of Judge Elford the darkness above and below had run together; distance had disappeared; there was no near, no far. The hand before his black face was no closer to the sense of sight than was the horizon's edge, and his black skin was the colour of the dust of Stringtown pike in which he trod.

Never before had that night-loving man felt the weight of darkness. He stood in the street and rubbed his eyes, opened them to their fullest extent, muttered and stood expectant, but caught no glimpse of light except an occasional window gleam, which served but to make more dark the surrounding blackness.

"Et am monstrous strange fo' a nigger ter be caught by de da'kness, et am s'prisin' cur'us. When a nigger sleep et am in de sunshine; de sof'ness ob de sunshine am soovin' ter de eye. When de night-time come, de cat, de dawg, de coon, de 'possum an' de nigger am on dere feet. De night-time am de time fo' de brack man ter be awake, de daytime am de time fo' de nigger ter sleep. An' so et wah in de hot Guinee country Cupe's gran'dad come from, when eb'ry creature sleep in de day an' run in de night. Dat habit am wid de nigger yet."

Cupe struggled along, aided by the slender light that came from an occasional window, until he struck into a field below the villlage. Then impenetrable darkness closed upon him; the tree-top, waving above, made no mark against the sky, the horizon gave no streak to lighten the gloom; above and below intensest darkness reigned. Bewildered the old man stood; the world had been blotted from existence—all but that single spot where rested his feet, and that spot he experienced only by the sense of touch. "Et am monstrous strange," he muttered; "am de jedgment time dat de preachahs tell 'bout come at las'?"

Thus he stood, gazing helplessly into the night. Then to the right he caught sight of a moving light, a light that floated slowly in a horizontal direction over the earth, seemingly a few feet above its surface. The eyes of the negro were riveted on the phenomenon, which—a globe of light, not a flame—flitted in and out of sight as it passed behind a clump of bushes or a tree trunk, to reappear again. Following the undulating surface of the ground, it moved steadily along, now to the right, now to the left, but ever onward toward the spot where stood the man whose eyes were fixed on that strange illumination, which was neither spark nor flame nor any form of fire. There was no wind—none. The negro thrust a finger into his mouth, withdrew it and held it in the air above his head, but no touch of coldness came to either side; this most delicate of all tests for air current proved that no breeze was stirring; and still the glimmer flittered back and forth, careless alike to path or road, drawing closer with each change of direction. No human hand held that weird light, no living man had touched the spark that gave it form, no mortal mind directed its pathless course.

When but a few feet from the negro its direction changed, and then for the first time it started straight for his person, floating about a foot above the earth. This final action was responded to by the old man, who, until this time, but for the single movement by which he had tested the wind, had stood like a statue. With a motion strangely rapid for one so aged, he jerked his coat from his person, quickly turned the sleeves wrong side out, and then drew it on again. The globe of light vibrated as if in response to the action, tremulously moved up and down like a lantern in a wave-rocked boat, then turned to the right, passed about five feet from the negro, and proceeding now in a direct line disappeared in an adjacent thicket.

"Yo' cussed Jack o' Lantern, an' ef yo' had got on dis nigger's back yo' 'ud hab rode him

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'til mahn'n. But Cupe know how ter circumbent yo', yo' debbil's light. No Jack o' Lantern dare tech de man who w'ars de coat wrong side out. Yo' sly cuss, yo' wabbled about es ef yo' wah not keerin' fo' de nigger, but yo' can't fool dis chile. Lawd, but et wah a close call; fo' ef yo' had come from b'hin', yo' 'ud hab jumped on de nigger an' rode him till de light ob day. Niggers hab be'n cotched by de Jack o' Lanterns an' rode all de livelong night, obah de hill, fru de briars an' in de grabeyard. An' when dey come home in de mahn'n, tired an' near 'bout dead, de ma'se say dey hab be'n out ter a shindig dance; but et am God's fac' dat de Jack o' Lanterns cotch niggers what doan know de coat sign, an' ride 'em like es ef dey wah ho'ses."*

Now his quick ear caught a familiar sound, the breaking of brush, caused by the motion of an animal in a briar patch. Could one have seen his face, a smile of satisfaction would have been observed. He joyously called out, "Come heah, Gawge!" and the dog's cold nose soon touched his hand and his side rubbed against the negro's leg. Reaching his hand into his pocket, the slave took therefrom a roll of twine; one end of the string he tied about the neck of the dog, the other he held in his hand. "Keep in de paff an' go home, yo' fool!" ordered the master, and together man and dog moved onward. "Dis am a monstrous shame ter any nigger, an' ter t'ink dat Cupe should ebah feel de disgrace ob sech a ting es dis. Et am lucky dat et am night, fo' de shame am mo'ah dan Cupe could bear in daylight. But de dawg can't tole nobody, an' nobody but de dawg am heah ter see de shame ob de nigger. Et am a monstrous shame, an' et am a fearful sign; de Lawd only knows de meanin' ob sech a sign."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Desolate in the night, holding fast the end of the string, the perplexed man stood alone so far as humanity was concerned; but not entirely alone, for the quadruped was still tied to the other end of the twine. Step by step these companions, the soulless brute and the bonded slave, had journeyed from Stringtown, until now the dog's nose was prone against the front door of the cabin, which Cupe could not see. "Dah hab be'n f'mil'ar signs along de paff, but de dawg can't talk an' de da'kness ob night am cubahin' de way. Dah wah a roun' rail on de las' fence we climbed, et wah suah de fence what once stood befo' de cabin, but dah ain't no cabin heah. Ef de ebil sperrits hab moved dat fence an' bent dat paff ter fool de ole man, dah am trouble befo' his steps, an' he mus' move monstrous keerful. De debbil may be restin' at de end ob dis walk. An' de dawg won't move no mo'ah. Et am de fust time dat dawg hab gone back on his ma'se. Go home, Gawge Washington!" A jerk upon the string, and the dog in reply bayed long, tremulously, and stood still, his nose close against the cabin door. "Et am a painful howl yo' am makin', Gawge. I hab nebbah hea'd sech talk befo'. De voice yo' speak when yo' tree de coon, de 'possum er de rabbet am plain, but Cupe nebbah hea'd yo' talk befo' like dis. What yo' see ter make sech talk es dat? An' only ter t'ink ob de shame ob de nigger." Suddenly he raised his head, snuffed the air and dropped the string. "Et am terback, et am de han' ob backey what hang 'side de cabin doah. De smell am not ter be mistook'n." Again he snuffed the air. "Et am de cabin yo' hab treed, Gawge; yo' nebbah treed de cabin befo', an' dat es why yo' talk so strange." Reaching out his hand, the door was found, and Cupe at once gave a loud rap. No response followed. Again he knocked, with no better result. Cupe slowly moved his fingers over the door. The latch string hung out. "Befo' de Lawd, an' what am de mattah wid Dinah!" Opening the door, the mystified man groped inside, reached the mantelpiece, struck a match, lighted the ever-ready candle and turned about. The child lay asleep on the little bed. Dinah, with head thrown back so that it rested on the edge of the bed, lay sprawled upon the floor.

"By de bones ob my gran'pap!"

No other word did Cupe utter; and the fact that he used that unusual expression, a relic of his old master, illustrated the depth of his surprise. Stepping to the prostrate form, he held the candle before the sleeper's lips; the flame leaned outward; breath was there. Raising it slightly, he moved the light back and forth before her eyes. No movement. "Et am monstrous strange," he muttered. Kneeling, he placed his nose close to her lips, and at once a scowl spread over his black face. "De cause am cleah ef de night am da'k." Cupe stepped to the mantelpiece, and grasping the bottle, held it before the light. "De cause am not so cleah," he mumbled, as he saw that the surface of the liquid marked the exact spot where he had

*If the old negroes did not believe that to wear a coat wrong side out would protect them from the "Jack o' Lantern," they affected as much. They also affected to believe that the negro caught by one would be rode until morning.

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left it. Shaking his head, the old negro uncorked the bottle and raised it to his nose: "Et am lickah." He thrust the neck into his mouth, gurgle after gurgle followed, and when he replaced the vial more than half the contents had disappeared. "Et am a shame," he muttered, "et am a shame dat a gem'n mus' swaller so much watah fo' so little lickah."

Grasping his somnolent helpmate by the shoulders, Cupe gave her a violent jerk, which raised her fairly upon her feet; and as she opened her eyes he thrust the woman upon a wooden-bottomed chair with a shock that brought her to consciousness. Standing before his startled spouse, old Cupe shook his fist close to her face and said in a deep dramatic tone:

"Dah am direful signs ter-night; dey come from in de cabin an' out ob de cabin, from de air an' from de earf."

Dinah, dazed and drowsy, only stared back at the old man, who continued: "De signs am t'ickenin' an' pintin', but de debbil only knows wheddah de end am good er bad."

Still no reply.

"But de signs am not so worryin' es de nigger's disgrace."

"What disgrace?" queried Dinah, rubbing her eyes.

"Dah hab be'n double disgrace on Cupe dis night."

"What done disgrace yo'?"

"Cupe hab queered hisse'f, fo' he hab be'n los', an' yo' hab brung disgrace ter him too."

"Dah hab be'n no disgrace ob yoah wife, ef yo' hab be'n los'," retorted Dinah with offended dignity.

"Dah hab be'n two disgraces ob Dinah. Yo' hab be'n drunk, an' yo' hab stol'n lickah. Dah am no worsah a sin dan ter steal lickah."

"Befo' God, Cupe Hardman, dis nigger habn't seed ner teched a drop ob lickah fo' a yeah!"

"An' dah am now anuddah disgrace, fo' yo' hab tole a lie. De debbil hab got yo' suah."

"De bot'l' am jes es yo' lef' et, Cupe Hardman, et am on de mantelpiece an' am full." She turned her eyes to the vial, and was startled to find it half emptied.

"De bot'l' am 'witched; et wah full ter de line," she added.

Cupe held up his hand, motioning her to cease speaking, but the alarmed woman continued:

"De ebil sperrits am in de house, dey hab be'n in et all day. When Dinah heat de graby in de skillet an' poah de watah out ob de cup inter et, de skillet fly inter pieces. De debbil broke dat skillet suah."

"Yo' wah drunk, yo' fool, an' dreamed yo' poahed watah inter de skillet, but yo' poahed et inter de bot'l'. Yo' drunk a gill ob whiskey, an' den yo' fill de bot'l' up wid watah, an' hab be'n dreamin' like a drunken nigger dreams. De debbil'll git yoah lyin' soul." Dinah pointed to the hearth, where fragments of the vessel were scattered. "Do de dream bre'k a skillet?"

Cupe, more disturbed by the evidence of the broken skillet than he cared to admit, said solemnly: "Yo' hab be'n pow'ful wicked. Yo' know yo' drunk de lickah."

"An' what ef I did take a drop, yo' hain't no cause ter jaw. Yo' bettah clean yoah own toof befo' yo' pick Dinah's."

"What yo' mean ter 'sinuate?"

"Wha' yoah million patch, Cupe Hardman?"

"What yo' talkin' 'bout?"

"De night de fust singer sit in de tree an' sing, six weeks ago ter-morrer night, yo' slip out de cabin an' wah gone 'bout an hour. Yo' come back wid two watahmillions in de meal sack 'cross yoah shoulders."

"De cause am easy ter 'splain."

"Yo' got no million patch, yo' stealin' nigger."

"I tole yo' de cause am easy ter 'splain. De million yo' foun' in one en' ob de sack wah growin' cross de paff, an' Cupe jes ease de paff, fo' feah et hurt some feller's foot."

"But de uddah million."

"De sack wah lop-sided den, an' Cupe couldn't carry et. Et wah a sin ter waste de fruit, so he go back an' eben de weight by slippin' ets mate from jes inside de fence an' put et inter de uddah en'."

"Bettah yo' say nuffin 'bout de drop ob lickah, Cupe. Et wah pow'ful sweet ter de taste, an' so wah de millions. Dinah taste em bof, an' am gollified ter speak."

"Dinah, fo' de sake ob de smoove yargyment yo' make, dah will be fergibness dis once, but ef ebah yo' does sech a t'ing ag'in, so suah es my name es Cupe Hardman I'll sol' yo' down Souf."

"Yo'll sol' me Souf, yo' nigger! yo' bettah own yo'selb befo' yo' talk 'bout sol'in' uddah folks!"

"Dinah, yo' am in my pocket. I bought an' paid fo' yo' ter-night, an' ef ebah yo' disgrace yoah owner ag'in es yo' hab dis night, yo' bettah look out, fo' de tramp ter Georgy am sartin suah."

"An' hab yo' bought yo'selb too?"

"Yes."

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"De Lawd be praised, Cupe! I know yo' hab be'n sabin' money fo' fifty yeahs, an' I know yo'll youse et when de time come. Ef we am free niggers, we kin walk ter Canerdy in de daylight."

"Et am de sacred truff, Dinah; yo' hab got sense nuff ter see in de daytime, ef yo' am a woman. A woman am like a dish-rag, Dinah, she am monstrous convenient in her place, but ef she git out ob et she ain't wuff nuffin ter nobody. Don't yo' fergit yoah place, Dinah."

This diversion changed the current of Cupe's thoughts, and he dropped at once the subject of Dinah's failings and recurred to his personal misadventure.

"Dah wah 'nuddah sign, an' et wah a disgrace ter Cupe. His eyes wah los' ter-night, an' de nigger had ter tie hisse'f ter de dawg ter fin' de cabin."

"Wah yo' drunk?" The wife's eyes twinkled.

"Et wah sperrits suah, but ebil sperrits, not lickah, an' de en' am not yet."

"P'raps de same ebil sperrits shet yoah eyes, Cupe, what take de lickah out ob de bot'l' ter git Dinah inter trouble."

"'Zacly," said Cupe ironically; "but yo' bettah be keerful dey doan do et ag'in. De bodin' signs am thickenin' up. Keep yoah eyes peeled, an' be ready, fo' ef de wo'kin' ob de sign am ebil, de cabin doah'll close, an' yo'll start wid Cupe fo' de Norf in de night-time."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A clear sunset ushered in the evening that brought the first frost of the season. Mist and cloud were brushed away by a wind from the north, which left the air sparkling and crisp. The voices of the green-winged singers that for six weeks* had joyously chirped in tree and shrub, and their relatives, the katydids, that during the summer had called and answered each other, were hushed. No rustling leaves, no cry of insect, no motion of bush, broke the still, cool night. Great this contrast to the shrieking blast, the banging shutters, the creaking sign and the beating sleet, that rung their changes when our village circle met, ten months ago.

The quiet air, penetratingly cold, spoke of frost and foretold that slivers of ice before morning would surely form in the shallows of exposed hoof-tracks. For weeks the swallows had been flocking in the meadows. Their noisy chirps but the day before had sounded in the ear of the passer-by. Gathering from their nesting places, these glossy songsters during the summer had collected into great flocks. The tops of the dead trees about the meadow pond of Mr. Nordman were black with their glittering forms. Never before had they seemed so noisy. But when next morning broke, the upstretched branches were bare, the field was deserted. Buried in the cloud depths above and out of sight of man, they had risen in the night and turned their eyes to the south.

As a rule, few stars could be seen of a summer evening through the heavy-laden atmosphere. But now, responsive to the crisp, transparent night, numbers of tiny points sprang into view and twinkled. The star-built sickle, which during the early part of June crossed the meridian in the evening's twilight, now had sunk below the western horizon. The Great Dipper, which during the early summer evenings had balanced itself over the meridian's line, the bowl west, the handle east of it, now, low in the north, hung just above the earth's edge. The milkmaid's path, which in June had started from the northwest, marked its way close to the eastern horizon, to slope down and disappear in the southeast, was now a broad, white band overhead, extending across the sky from the northeast to the southeast. Autumn was upon us.

One by one the members of the circle "dropped" into place this frosty Saturday evening, until, when the lamps were lighted, most of the inverted nail kegs upon which the villagers seated themselves were occupied. The clerk, Mr. Wagner, sat with curving legs in his mutilated chair; Judge Elford balanced himself upon his one-legged seat, and Professor Drake, book in hand, sat on his bookcase high stool, beneath the lamp.

But it could be observed that the circle was broken. No fierce Colonel Luridson from Virginia, no dissipated Corn Bug, no gentle minister from New England, were to be seen—these links in the chain were missing. The keg whereon, in the background, Old Mose ordinarily sat, from which he had risen that New Year night, 1864, to seek the coffin maker, was in its usual place, but it, too, was vacant; behind this, in the shadow cast by the stove-pipe, Cupe slipped quietly early in the evening, and stood in the corner. Whenever the door opened he was screened from sight, but his willing hand closed the door after each newcomer. Down the aisle, before the counter, stretched the only vacant strip of floor unbroken by stool, keg or other obstacle. It was

*Six weeks from the time the first "singer" is heard at night will come the first frost. The "singer" is a green-winged insect like the katydid.

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the reserved spot where stood the grocer's patrons while their packages of tea, sugar and other trifling purchases were being wrapped. Recognising the business right of the proprietor, the circle invariably reserved this space for his convenience.

A sound from outside now broke the stillness of the night. The quiet, frost-breeding air brought to our ears the click of metal striking against stone. At the sound all listened with raised heads, while some placed their hands behind their ears, eager to catch the next note; Cupe softly turned the knob and opened the door slightly, lapping his ear over the edge. The expectant men had not long to wait, for soon the clatter of many hoofs beating the stones of Stringtown pike came through the still, night air, and then the charm that bound our silent circle was broken. Only one word was spoken, and that by but one member—the single word *"Yankees."* The grocer stepped to where I sat, grabbed the armoured saddle, dragged it from beneath me and thrust it hastily into an empty salt barrel, which he inverted and rolled beside Cupe, after which act he quickly lifted me to a seat on its head. A pile of bundled garments, blankets, canteens, belts and other accoutrements on an exposed shelf was hastily seized in willing hands and stuffed as unceremoniously into the empty nail-keg seats from which each man arose. Quickly all the contraband articles were concealed and the kegs again inverted. Every man now sat silent in his accustomed place. Only the old negro had been deliberate; he it was who deftly concealed a contribution from our Stringtown girls, a package that contained a satin banner stitched by loving fingers. White groundwork in one corner of that folded flag was starred in blue and the banner was embellished with three broad stripes, a white one bounded by two red bars. The precious emblem had previously been neatly and compactly wrapped in rubber cloth, and Cupe thrust it carefully into a capacious pocket. As the grocer handed the flag to the negro he remarked: "The Yankees'll not sarch a nigger."

In a few moments the door opened, and the Red-Head Boy of Nordman entered. He shot quick glances about the room, then, as unconcerned as the other occupants seemed to be, stepped to the counter, and standing with his feet where once rested the head of Luridson, asked the grocer for five cents' worth of raisins, making a face as he did so at me as I sat on the barrel, and I viciously mouthed back again. But the rattle of scabbards, the clash of metal against metal, that were familiar sounds when a squad of cavalry dismounted, drew attention from the intruding boy to the door, which soon opened and admitted a man dressed in blue clothes that were bedecked with bright buttons. He was an officer, and glanced searchingly around until his gaze lighted on the Red-Headed Boy, who seemed to stare indifferently back at him, exactly as did every other member of the circle.

"Evening, friends," said the soldier, "a cool night this."

"Rather fresh," replied the grocer.

"How far is it to Nordman's pond?"

" 'Bout half a mile." Then, pointing to the boy, the grocer added, "This boy lives with Mr. Nordman."

The cavalryman's quick eye surveyed the room again; his scrutiny was directed successively from face to face of each villager; he turned his attention again to the grocer, who, seemingly oblivious to the inquisition, stood with folded arms.

"Come on, sonny," the soldier said, addressing the boy, "show me the way to Nordman's pond; we camp there to-night. Good-night, friends."

The boy followed him, but as he passed old Cupe, the negro leaned over, and putting his rubber lips close to the suspect's ear whispered: "Yo' bettah look out, yo' sly debbil, yo' am spinnin' de fre'ds ob yoah own shroud."

Another rattle of sabres and squeaking of leather, a word of command, a tramp of horses' feet, and in a few moments the circle of men within the room again sat in silence.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Stepping from his place behind the door, old Cupe, evidently anxious to leave the room, addressed Mr. Wagner: "An' may de nigger ax did yo' read dem papahs?"

"Yes;" and the clerk glanced at the judge.

"An' hab yo' nuffin ter say?"

Again the clerk glanced at the judge, and slowly drawled out, "Not now," emphasising the word "now."

"An' yo' may wait too long ef yo' doan look out," mumbled the negro.

Turning to Judge Elford, the slave asked: "An' hab yo' anyting ter say ter Cupe, Ma'se Jedge?"

"No," said the judge sharply, "not now;" and he, too, emphasised the word "now." But he cast no glance at the clerk.

Courtesying low, the negro seemed inclined to ask another question, but instead of doing

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so he stepped back to his place, for at this instant came a second interruption from without. Sounds of muffled footsteps in the dust before the grocery, the gentle squeak of saddle leather—just sufficient to indicate to ears familiar with the sound that mounted men were cautiously slipping from their horses—and then whispering voices were heard. A face was now pressed against the glass panel in the door and a pair of eyes gazed into the room. More than one hand sought a side pocket; the grocer stepped quickly to the rear of the store, turned, and in the gloom stood facing the door, with a bright object thrown across his arm—an object that glittered in the faint light.

"Hist!" he whispered; "ef et es a raid, we have wo'k ter do." And then a double tap or rap was struck upon the door, a rap that seemed to be understood by all, for the grocer dropped his gun and stepped back into the light, and each hand was withdrawn from the pocket that had so suddenly encased it. The door now opened, and six Stringtown County men, two of whom were members of the village circle, came into the room. It was evident that this body of men was expected by some, if not all, of the members present, but the raid (for we knew full well the unconcern of the blue-coated soldier was assumed) had aroused suspicion. Even Cupe, as shown by his secreting the banner, was one of the initiated, and even he accepted that the blue-coated soldiers had slipped back, for I heard him mutter, "Damn dat Red-Head cuss!"

The nail kegs were suddenly inverted, their concealed contents were removed and parcelled out to respective owners. The coats of the intruders were thrown open and the new leather belts were hastily buckled around each waist. The grocer produced seven pistols from an unseen receptacle, one for each of the six-belted holsters, the seventh being laid upon the counter. A blanket roll was then taken by each man, who on its reception quickly stepped to his horse and strapped it to the back of the Mexican saddle and then returned to the room; where, amid a series of hand-shakings, in which all joined, the booted and newly armed men prepared to make their last farewell to Stringtown friends. But the saddle on which I sat, still hidden in the inverted salt barrel, lacked an owner, and one pistol and belt lay unclaimed on the counter. A whispered consultation was now held by the adventurous volunteers, who were preparing for a perilous attempt to slip through the Federal lines into the South to join the Confederate forces. Evidently these men expected a companion who had failed to appear and for whom they were restlessly waiting.

"Comrades, we may never meet around the old stove again; let us have a last song before we start," said one of them. "Let it be to our sweethearts, Captain," chimed in another; and in acquiescence a man with a club-foot, in a musical voice that bespoke the typical "Southron," to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" rendered a number of verses, of which the following fragments are a part:

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl, and glory in the name,
I boast of it with greater pride than glittering wealth and fame;
I envy not the Northern girl, her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds deck her snowy neck and pearls bespread her hair.

Chorus (joined in by all the party):
Huzza! huzza! for the Southern girl so fair.
Huzza! for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear.

Our homespun dress is plain, I know, our hats palmetto too,
But then this shows what Southern girls for Southern rights can do.
We send our sweethearts to the war, but, dear girls, never mind,
The Southern soldier'll not forget the girl he left behind.

Chorus:
Huzza! huzza! for the Southern girl so fair,
Huzza! for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear.

As seen by their actions after the song was ended, the rebels concluded that it was unwise to linger, but just as they were about to depart, the man they were expecting entered and whispered a few words in the ear of him afflicted by a club-foot. The newcomer was Mose, the Jew. His face was wreathed in smiles, those eternal smiles, and a familiar chuckle he was wont to make when pleased greeted the assembly as he lifted the saddle and carried it from the room. Returning, he proceeded to belt and arm himself as the others had done. "The flag—the flag," said the club-footed cavalier, "we must not forget the flag." Old Cupe stepped forward—not to the man who spoke, but to the Jew, to whom he handed the rubber-bound parcel. Then he turned and addressed the leader: "Bettah yo' go out de Mt. Karmel pike an' cut 'roun' de county cou't-house an' git back ter de Stringtown pike by de souf road. Steer cl'ar ob de pond ob Ma'se Nordman."

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"Yes," interrupted another, "a squad of Union cavalry is camping in the pond-field."

"We know it," was the reply; "Mose followed them beyond the Campbellite Church and has just returned."

In single file they left the room, Mose, the Jew, bringing up the rear, to my amazement accompanied by my chum, the grocer's boy, who as he passed handed me the key to his box of papers. "Take them," said he, "take them home with you, Sammy, pictures, shorthand notes, all; if I get back from the war I'll want them, if not—" he faltered, tears sprang to his eyes, he held out his hand, which I grasped. Then he turned and ran from the room. The occupants of the circle crowded close upon the retreating forms, and soon the storeroom was deserted. The squad of rebels unhitched their horses, quietly mounted them —the grocer's boy springing up behind the Jew —and then they turned toward the south— Without another word this group of resolute men and the chum of my childhood, whom I never saw again, started in a brisk trot up the Stringtown pike. Many years have passed since the stars shone that frosty night, but memory paints no other scene so impressively (not even the death of Luridson) as when she pictures this group of horsemen vanishing in the starlight. And I recall now that after the sound of the horses' hoofs died away in the distance, we who lingered outside the grocery caught the strain of a song from afar that seemed almost like an echo. The musical voice of the rebel captain came floating to our ears, bearing a couplet of the ode he had sung in praise of the Southern girl, the verse in which occurred the lines:

We send our sweethearts to the war, but, dear girls, never mind,
The Southern soldier'll not forget the girl he left behind.

But that love song soon died out, as did the tramp of the horses. The bareheaded watchers stood a moment in the night air, then re-entered the grocery, the broken circle formed again, and each man sat silent, gazing at the stove.

And now occurred a curious thing. During the excitement the Red-Headed Boy of Nordman had returned, and, unperceived by me at least, had entered the room with the others, but apparently without an object, and, after glancing about, he quietly started out again. As he passed, Cupe, reaching down from his station near the door, caught him by the ear and held him fast, whispering a few words as he did so. Of these I caught part of a sentence which terminated with "Yo' sneakin' spy."

Turning to the party about the stove, the negro spoke again to Judge Elford: "An' hab yo' nuffin fo' suah ter say ter Cupe?"

"No."

"De signs am fulfillin' demsels monstrous fast," the negro mumbled. "Yo' won't fergit ter count de money in de desk an' read de papahs befo' de Cou't, ef yocasion 'quires?"

"I have promised to do so," replied the judge.

Turning to Mr. Wagner, Cupe asked: "An' did yo' read de writin' I lef' yo' las' night?"

"I did."

"An' can't yo' say nuffin ter Cupe?"

"Not now, Cupid."

With a troubled look, old Cupe, leading the Red-Headed Boy by the ear, left the grocery and passed out into the starlight.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The time required for Cupe and his prisoner to reach the cabin was not sufficient to walk that distance at a leisurely gait. They must have run part of the way, for in a very short time the cabin door was thrown open, and with the boy firmly in his grasp the negro entered the room. "Brung me de fox trap an' chain, an' de chicken-house lock, an' a strap; de debbil am ter pay."

Dinah did as ordered; Cupe's voice informed her of his suppressed excitement, and she realised that he would now brook no questioning. Forcing the captive into a rustic chair, the black couple bound him securely; a long strap was wrapped about both the chair and the body of the boy, and locked by a padlock to two staples that for some other purpose had been previously driven into a log behind him. Thus the boy sat with his back against the wall; his arms close to his elbows were strapped tightly to his side, but his head, forearms and hands were free. Cupe drew the table close to his bound victim's knees; the boy's hands could easily move about its surface. A large pan of water containing a dipper was placed on the table, a liberal supply of provisions was thrust alongside it, and after this had been done Cupe said: "Yo' am likely ter want fo' comp'ny befo' long, yo' East Kaintuck scrub, an' yo' may git hungry befo' de

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comp'ny calls. Dah am grub ter eat an' watah ter drink, an' while yo' wait, yo' kin tell yoah story ter yoah ma'se, de debbil." The boy's spiteful eyes spoke his hatred of the slave, but he made no reply.

Then the negro turned to Dinah. For once his method of addressing her exhibited less of the ruler and more of the companion. The affection that had ever been a part of his true self, but which was generally masked by gruffness, now crept to the surface. When he sat a prisoner in the court of Stringtown County and she entered the room, he scowled at her; and when afterward his faithful spouse, with tears in her eyes, bound up his seared palm in that same court room, he had scolded and domineered over her. But now he took her hand, led her to the fireplace and seated her in a low corn-shuck chair on one side of the hearth, himself taking a similar chair opposite. Low was the voice of the man who spoke now; with elbow on his knee and bowed head resting on his palm he gazed intently into her face, speaking slowly, earnestly, lovingly, as he had not done since he came, when young, a suitor for her hand:

"Honey, de min' ob yoah husban' am runnin' back ter-night—back ter de days ob de long ago. Dah hab be'n joy an' sow'er fo' de hea't, wa'm an' cole fo' de flesh, Dinah, 'twixt de night yo' lef' yoah home on Grassy Creek an' now. Min' yo' de ole time, Dinah—min' yo' de time when Cupe came ridin' dat fust Saturday night ter de cabin doah?"

"I min' de time, Cupe."

"Yo' wah a beauty ob a wench, Dinah, yo' wah de flowah ob de lan'. An' well do Cupe min' dat night, too. Befo' he start fo' de trip dat Saturday ahftahnoon he stan' befo' ole ma'se an' say: 'Dah am a monstrous pritty gearl on Grassy Creek.' An' ole ma'se say: 'De farder away de bettah; et am well she am no closer dan Grassy Creek.' An' Cupe ax may he borrer ole Prince; an' ma'se cuss an' damn de wench on Grassy Creek, but Cupe don't say nuffin; an' when ma'se stop Cupe jes stan' still, fo' while de ma'se cuss an' swar' he didn't say de word *no*.

"'What fo' yo' stan'n' dah fo'?' ax ma'se.

"'Fo' de loan ob ole Prince ter ride ter Grassy Creek.'

"'Yo' kin go,' say ma'se, 'but min' yo' am back by foah o'clock Monday mahn'n.' An' es Cupe start ter t'ank him fo' de kindness, ma'se say: 'Shet yoah mouf.' An' den Cupe ax: 'What 'bout de *pat-a-role?*'

"An' ma'se, he take a papah out ob his pocket an' write de pass, an' say: 'De pat-a-role'll gib yoah brack back a wa'min' ef yo' ain't home by foah o'clock Monday mahn'n.'

"Min' yo', Dinah, dat Saturday night?"

Dinah bowed her head.

"An' min' yo' how supple Cupe wah den, Dinah?"

Again she bowed.

"Yoah cabin wah down in de hollah jes back ob yoah ma'se's house, Dinah, an' es Cupe ride up ter de doah yo' step ter de sill—et wah a monstrous good sign, Dinah. Yo' wah stan'n' in de yard befo' de doah, an' Cupe pull up de ho'se an' look down an' say a sof' word, an' yo' smile up in his face. An' Cupe jes git down an' stick de switch he hole in his han' in de sof' earf keerless like—a fool nigger who am in lub ain't got no sense—an' he take de bag ob co'n off Prince an' stan' et 'side yoah doah an' lead Prince ter de stable.

"Min' yo' dat bag ob co'n, Dinah?"

A solitary tear stole down the cheek of the old woman.

"Dah wah a bluebird on a pole in front ob yoah cabin, an' a lady bluebird sat in de little doah befo' de nes'. Jes den de man bird wid de bright blue coat an' red breast come from out de air an' light by her side; an' Cupe pint ter de cooin' birds an' say: 'Dat sign am good.' An' yo' make no ansah, but take Cupe by de han' an' lead him inter de cabin, an' he sit on one side ob de harf, an' yo' sit on de uddah. But we two niggers didn't need no fiah dat night, Dinah.

"An' when de niggers see dat bag ob co'n stan'n' by yoah doah, Dinah, dey pass de word 'roun'; dah wahn't no buck nigger boddah yo' ag'in. Eb'ry Saturday night, when Cupe ax fo' de pat-a-role pass, ole ma'se growl, an' den he write Cupe de pass, an' at las' dah wah a wed'n.

"Min' yo' de weepin' willer befo' de doah?" the man abruptly asked.

Dinah bowed.

"Et wah de bad sign ob yoah life, Dinah, an' Cupe wah de cause. De switch he stick in de groun' wah a twig ob weepin' willer. De nex' time he call on yo' de buds had broken; de nex' time de lebes had sprouted; de weepin' willer-tree wah planted by de han' ob Cupe, an' de trouble et brought wah befo' yoah doah, Dinah, an' settlin' obah yoah cabin. Cupe couldn't say nuffin, but he know de ebil spell wah on; dah am no way ter change dat awful willer-tree sign. Et runs fo' fifty yeah, Dinah. An' when de fust chile come ter smile on us, de pure little blos'm widout any tech ob white

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—eben de sole ob de feet wah not white—yo' wah so happy, Dinah, an' proud ob de pure nigger blood in ets brack cheek. Den Cupe slip out an' stan' by dat willer slip an' pray ter all de gods fo' de sign ter change. But et wah no youse, Dinah; de little blos'm grew big nuff ter creep ter de harf, an' den et close ets eyes an' pass away."

Silently old Dinah sat, tear after tear chasing each other down her cheek.

"An' nuddah chile come, an' grow up ter set in de doah, but de shadder ob de willer fall an' rub ets life out. Foah blos'ms what come ter us on Grassy Creek wah blighted by dat ebil willer-tree shadder; dah am foah grabes 'bout es long es an ax handle, side by side, in de ole Grassy Creek grabeyard."

Dinah rocked back and forth, sighing and moaning.

"An' den Cupe beg ole ma'se ter buy yo', Dinah, an' brung yo' home, and ma'se say yo' wah a comely nigger, an' Grassy Creek wah too far fo' Cupe ter ride eb'ry Saturday ebenin', an' he buy yo' fo' twelve hunderd dollahs an' build de cabin heah fo' yoah nes'. But et wahn't no youse, de ebil sign go on.

"Min' yo' de night las' week when Cupe wah gone from sundown till mahn'n?"

"Yes."

"Dinah, he slip back ter de ole cabin. Dah dat debbilish ole tree stan', ets limbs wavin' in de night air. Cupe step ter its side an' cuss et in de moonlight. De long fingahs move in de wind an' rub on de head ob de nigger, but Cupe had swo' by de chillun what am gone ter kill dat tree when de fifty yeah had passed, an' it wah fifty yeah when de sugah watah run las' spring. An' he took his ax an' chop es nebbah he chopped befo'. De chips fly like lebes in wintah, an' de ole tree tu'n ter one side an' fall bump on de groun'. Den Cupe scattah salt on ets stump an' put his foot on de ole debbil's back an' cuss de hoodoo tree."

Dinah chuckled.

"Dah hab be'n thirteen blos'ms ter cheer yo', Dinah, sense dat switch wah sprouted, an' eb'ry chile es brack es Cupe. Yo' hain't had no shame ter bury, Dinah."

He pointed to the hearthstone between them, and asked:

"Dinah, min' yo' de fac' dat nebbah hab two chillun sat side by side on de great stone? An' now yoah head am white, yoah face am wrinkled, yoah han' am skinny an' yoah toof am yaller. Dah am thirteen little grabes—foah on Grassy Creek an' nine b'hin' dis cabin. Et am a hoodoo numbah, but now de ebil spell am obah. De willer-tree am dead. De missus an' all de ole fr'en's am sleepin' quiet; de wicked ole ma'se am walkin'—he only am movin' ob all de folks yo' knew when yoah cheek wah plump, yoah toof white an' yoah skin shiny."

Dinah sobbed gently.

Cupe fell upon his knees on the spot upon the hearth to which he had so recently pointed when he said: "Min' yo' de fac' dat nebbah hab two chillun sat side by side on de great stone?" He took the aged negress' hands between his rough palms and lovingly stroked the bony fingers.

"Dinah, ter-night Cupe mus' lebe de ole cabin. De signs am all fulfilled, de fifty yeah ob pain am passed, an' we two niggers am free from de willer-tree spell. De Susie chile only am lef' ter pint back ter de sacred promise, an' ter sabe dat chile, an' lib up ter de promise we made de young ma'se, Cupe mus' lebe de ole home."

He took from his tattered pocketbook a paper that, although he could not read, he evidently fully comprehended, and held it out to his wife: "Yo' may stay in de cabin, Dinah, ef yo' wants ter stay, an' when de mahn'n comes ef yo'll take dis papah ter Ma'se Elford, yo'll git yoah freedom an' kin go back ter yoah ole home on Grassy Creek, de cabin wha' yo' stood in de doah when Cupe ride up fifty yeah ago."

"An' ef I doan take de papah?"

"Pack yoah duds an' bid farewell ter de lan' ob yoah birf, fo' when ter-morrer sun rises Cupe an' Susie'll be down in de Eagle Hills wid dere faces tu'ned to'ard de cole Canerdy lan'."

Again he extended the paper. "Dinah, will yo' go back ter de ole cabin on Grassy Creek, er will yo' walk inter de night wid Cupe?"

The woman pushed back the paper and (twice before she had made that vow) said: "De Canerdy lan' am cole an' de grabes ob de missus an' de chillun am deah, in ole Kaintuck, but fo' de good ob de Susie chile an' de lub ob ole Cupe, Dinah'll close de cabin doah ferebah."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Needless was it for these two negroes to consult concerning their next step. Doubtless their conversation had often been of such a nature as to familiarise both with the course they must pursue in case it should become desirable to "run away." Indeed, the amount of provision that Cupe found cooked and ready to pile upon the table before the boy prisoner,

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and the subsequent abundant store that Dinah and himself packed into a sack, evidenced that Cupe had informed her of the journey contemplated that very evening. Rapidly the slaves moved about the rough room, selecting the various articles of clothing or the utensils that might prove of use in their wanderings. They recognised that little could be carried, and consequently few household articles aside from the provisions were disturbed. The only exception to this exacting rule proved to be the garments of Susie, for these were all neatly packed by Dinah in an oilcloth sack, the mouth of which was closed with a draw-string.

Silent sat the captive boy, eyeing intently the busy pair, who, upon the contrary, seemed to give him no attention. In a short time the hasty preparation was made, the slaves were ready to start for Canada, one with a basket, the other with a bag. Then Cupe turned to the boy, and standing before him said abruptly:

"Yo' am a debbil from the mount'ns, yo' Red-Head cuss, an' hab no place 'mong civil folk. Why doan yo' go back ter yoah pap?"

"Can't, yo' ole nigger," the boy answered insolently.

"Wha' am yoah pap?"

"Dead."

"Yo' bettah go back ter yoah ma when yo' git loose."

"Dead."

The negro's heart gave signs of relenting. In a more kindly voice he said:

"Hab yo' no bruddahs?"

"One."

"Yo' bettah go ter yoah bruddah."

The boy shook his head.

"Am dah a reason why yo' doan go?"

"Yes."

"What am de cause?"

"Dead."

The old man started unconsciously; he lowered his voice and softly asked:

"An' hab yo' no sisterin, chile?"

"Yes."

"How many sisterin?"

"One."

"Can't yo' go an' lib wid de gearl?"

Tears moistened the eyes of the captive boy; he shook his head.

"Ef Cupe'll unlock de chain an' open de doah will yo' go back ter de mount'n gearl?"

Again the boy shook his head.

"Tole us de reason, chile;" and automatically the slave arranged the provisions on the table more conveniently. "Tole us de reason, chile."

"Dead."

The man stood a moment in silence.

"An' hab yo' no uddah kin but Ma'se Nordman?"

"No other."

"Et am a shame, et am a sin an' a shame."

"What?"

"Dat yo' had come ter Stringtown. But yo' can't help et, yo' am mixed in de sign;" then, suddenly, with the word "sign" the negro changed his manner of expression. That word brought back to his mind the fact that the boy was destined to work evil according to the "sign." The superstitious old man forgot the former softened voice; no touch of pity was left in his heart; harsh was his tone now: "Yo' cub ob Satin, an' et wah good fo' de libin' an' no ha'm ter de dead ef yo' wah dead too."

The boy made no reply.

"An' yo'll sot in dat cheer 'til de sun comes up' an' maybe longah' yo' Sorrel Top. De bluecoat cap'n in de camp at Nordman's Pond'll hold hims breff too long fo' de good ob hims health ef he waits fo' yo' ter come back an' tole him who leaved Stringtown ter-night ter join de rebels," and he turned away.

A vicious look bespread the face of the child, he clenched his hand, and tried to shake his fist at the speaker. Neither man nor boy spoke to each other again. Susie, ready dressed, for the child had not been disrobed that night, was taken from her bed, wrapped in a woollen shawl and, still asleep, was gently clasped in the arms of the man; her head rested on one shoulder, while the bag of clothing depended by a strap from the other.

Dinah, bearing the provisions, as if determined to make good her thrice-told promise, opened the cabin door, stepped outside and stood ready to close it. But just then Cupe, who, too, had reached the door, cried: "Come back, Dinah; dah am a fr'en' ter go wid us, an' a fr'en' ter say good-bye."

He laid the sleeping child on the bed, and stepping to the hearth, raised one of the flat stones, taking from beneath it three large kidney-shaped beans, each at least an inch in diameter. These he put into his pocket, addressing them as he did so:

"Ef de time ebah come ter act, yo' kin do yoah wo'k; but yoah mouf hab be'n long shet sense yo' grew in de hot Ginny lan'. An' now fo' de las' word from de ol'est fr'en' ob all."

He took his fiddle from the peg and raised it to his shoulder; his eyes closed, his chin dropped until it touched the instrument, and then his expert fingers touched the strings.

Plaintive was the melody wafted into the

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air as the unlettered musician drew the bow. From his warm heart came the pathetic touch that vibrated the strings until they fairly spoke. He played only one air, but never before had he played it so sweetly, that favourite of Kentuckians—"My Old Kentucky Home." When the last note died away the fiddle was replaced, the child was taken up again, and at last the door closed behind the fugitives.

Dinah stopped. She lingered with bowed head before the home she had deserted. Tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks, while Cupe, equally affected, but too stoical to exhibit his emotion, stood by her side. The old woman raised her hand and, pointing to the door, her finger nearly touching it, huskily asked:

"Min' yo' de sign ob deff, Cupe?"

"What sign ob deff? Dah am many signs ob deff?"

"De Bloody Hollah sign. Doan yo' see et am come true? *De Red-Head Boy am all alone in de cabin, he am sittin' in de cheer ob Susie.*"

Her hands dropped by her side, and together the slaves mournfully passed into the graveyard, where the moon cast the shadow of a cedar-tree upon the graves of their children. They paused, successively, at the foot of each small mound, murmuring a low farewell. Finally Cupe, standing near a grave marked by a dressed stone, said to his companion: "De ir'n chist am back ob dis stone, deep in de groun'."

In the cabin at the same time the captive boy was gazing through the little window—gazing intently at the silhouettes thrown up against the heavens. He saw Cupe and Dinah pass out of the graveyard, and watched them until they reached the crest of the hill and were momentarily outlined against the clear sky, where, suddenly swerving to the right, they disappeared in the gloom of the great wood that far beyond capped the distant Eagle Hills.

The forehead of the solitary boy, now the sole occupant of the deserted home of Susie, fell upon his folded hands; and as it did so the low-burned candle flickered, the black wick dropped with a sputter into the melted tallow, flashed up weirdly, and then the yellow light went out.

CHAPTER XL.

Should a traveller from the North purpose to visit the Eagle Hills of Kentucky, he would naturally select Covington as the most convenient point at which to enter the State. Having crossed the new suspension bridge, over the Ohio, he soon would tread the northern extremity of an avenue which, eighty-two miles south, terminates in the city of Lexington. This highway is only a pike, dusty in summer, muddy in winter. Down this road, before it was blazed, John Filson journeyed on his way from Lexington, to plat for John Cleves Symmes the prospective village of Losantiville, now known as Cincinnati. This friend of Daniel Boone, whose name is scarcely known enough to find a place in a biographical cyclopædia, mapped Kentucky for Washington, wrote the first history of Kentucky and lost his life in the wilds back of Cincinnati. His name is unsung, almost unknown to her citizens. But our pike is not to be blamed for man's ingratitude, so drop the subject.

This was a favourite war-path of the Indian invader from the north; high and dry it crested the ridge which now, instead of the Indian trail, long since gone, bears this stony pike.

The water which falls on the right of the highway flows into the Kentucky River; the ravines which head on the left lead to the Licking. The rain-drops which trickle from the weeds on one side of the road must travel two hundred miles before, in the Ohio River, they can join the drop that falls in the wagon ruts on the other edge of the pike.

Silent and gloomy stands an historic building near Gunpowder Creek, a few miles to the right of the road. It is built of stone, the walls two feet thick, the windows small, the door narrow. It was built to serve both as a house of worship and a place of refuge from the Indians. No man steps out of his way to visit the site of this massive building that stands silent and gloomy, seemingly meditating over the historical past, when Kentucky was a county of Virginia.

Strange place is this we next visit, a short journey to the east of the old stone church; thrust a long rod into its quivering soil, and with scarcely an effort you may sink it down—down its entire length. Attach another and yet another rod, and down into the depths they go, one following the other. Never did explorer reach the bottom of this bowl of mud. Bursting from out the edge of the bottomless quagmire a great spring of salty sulphur water flows unceasingly. On the side of an adjacent hill in early years stood the shoulder-blade of an animal that sought this spring, was caught in the mire, and perished there. The base of the bone now rests on the earth, the blade leans upright against the body of a great oak-tree.

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During a summer shower, Mr. Nordman, of Stringtown, rode on horseback beneath that upright blade for shelter; there was room to spare. Such bones as these were plentiful in this locality in the early days of Kentucky. Fiction? No. Romance? No. Book writers assert that the animals yielding these remains are long since extinct; but old Mr. Nordman points to the tops of trees that, clipped as by a pair of gigantic shears, are bristling with sprouts, and asks if Indian knife browsed those tree-tops.

Down this roadway came Colonel Johnston and the Kentucky rangers who crossed the Ohio River and fought Tecumseh near the beautiful land of springs in the Northwest Territory; and down this same ridge-road tramped the Kentucky volunteers who helped drive the savages from the Whitewater and the land of the Miamis, before Ohio was born. The county named after poor old Simon Kenton, deserted and a wanderer in his poverty-stricken old age, lies just to the left, and Boone County, named after his brother frontiersman, Daniel Boone, is bisected by the highway. General Lafayette journeyed by stage over this pike from Covington to Lexington, and to Henry Clay it was a familiar roadway before it was macadamised in 1845. The Blue and the Grey too had their part in its record. They lie scattered on either side, from its southern terminus, in Lexington, to old Fort Mitchell, on the heights back of Covington. Stand on the ruins of this fort, direct your gaze southward across the valley, and trace the white ribbon into the distance; there you will see by the side of the pike a modest Baptist church made of brick. In the yard of that church Kirby Smith's little band of invaders planted their light cannon in the fall of 1862, and looked defiance at the circle of mighty forts that had been constructed by General Lew Wallace to oppose them. But enough has been said to show that the Lexington pike, were its history written as it could be written, might claim the attention of men who live outside the limits of Northern Kentucky.

Even in the world of letters, as well as in war and history, has the record of this famous road been made. Professor C. S. R. Rafinesque and Professor Daniel Vaughn tramped its dusty way from Lexington to Covington and back again. Audubon, the bird painter, journeyed back and forth, and the author of *Ben-Hur,* before he was known in romance, planted his cannon and stationed his men on the hills that command its northern terminus.

The wigwam and the path of the Indian, the block-house of the trapper and scout, the tent of the Blue and the Grey, have passed away, but historic Lexington Pike still holds its place on the ridge, Fort Mitchell crumbles on the height, and the old stone church rests in the vale.

CHAPTER XLI.

In the autumn of 1868, several years after the events recorded in Chapter XXXIX., a party consisting of three persons, two of them old and black, the third a young girl about eight years of age, passed down the west side of Vine Street, Cincinnati.

They approached the Ohio River bank and then stood gazing intently on the Kentucky shore. Not a word had been spoken by either since they first caught sight of the opposite bank of the river. The child with wondering eyes seemed to drink in all that came before her; the two negroes each held one of her hands—the other hand of each black sustained a monstrous carpet-bag. Their dress was curiously wrought, especially that of the girl, and this fact, together with their strange bearing, led a party of impudent wharf children to collect about them. Neither of the negroes who gazed so intently across the river noticed the group of urchins that was rapidly increasing in number, but the child, withdrawing her gaze from other objects, turned her eyes first at one and then at another of the encircling party, who insolently stared back again. At this point the carpet-bag in the hand of the old man was loosened; it fell upon the bouldered street and rolled upon its side, resting partly on his large feet. But he did not seem to feel its weight. Raising his arm, he pointed to the green Kentucky hills in the distance, but did not speak. A tear rolled down the cheek of his companion, the old woman, for it needed but this action to cause her to give way to suppressed emotion. She too dropped her satchel and clasped her hands, extending them toward the hills that rose beyond the city. A howl of derision now came from the throats of the circle of children, and a mischievous boy suddenly jumped forward and grabbed the fallen sack. The girl snatched her hands from the grasp of the negroes, sprang upon the bent form of the rude meddler, threw her wiry arms about his neck, and with a display of strength unexpected hurled him to the earth. This incident broke the reverie of the negroes, who, moving with greater suppleness than seemed possible to persons so aged, resumed possession of both the girl and the bag. Then they re-

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traced their steps to Second Street, turned to the right and sought the entrance to the great new suspension bridge.

An hour afterward they slowly passed along Lexington Pike in the outskirts of Covington, and subsequently tramped up the long two-and-a-half-mile hill beyond the city limits. They were very tired, and frequently stopped to rest on the grassy roadside, when the child would bury her head in the lap of the negress, and that she closed her eyes in sleep was evident from the effort it required to arouse her. At last the party passed over the crest of the hill where stood the toll-gate, and then they moved down into the evening shadows that now closed rapidly about the winding road, which soon sank into a ravine and then crept deeper still in order to descend by easy grade into the valley that must soon be crossed. To the left, one behind the other, on the slope of the opposite hill, could now be seen ridges of earth that even in the shadows were yellow. Behind these stretched trenches deep enough to shelter armed men; once they were rifle-pits, and in 1862 commanded the pike; they overlooked it in 1868, and, nearly obliterated by time, they border it now. But unless the eight graves dug in 1862 near the crest of that hill are yet inviolate, no soldier, Blue or Grey, holds these silent redoubts. On beyond the trenches into deeper shadows plodded the three wanderers; the road curves, the rifle-pits and the dark ravine are now in the rear. Looming high on the hill to the right appears at this point old Fort Mitchell, as silent as are the abandoned yellow trenches ironically standing guard over the peaceful valley. But the abandoned fort disappears too behind the wearied travellers, who now pass into the broad valley, still treading the pike. Thickets on either side spring from stumps where, in order to give free range for cannon and musket, all the trees were felled in 1862. But the war is over. A flock of sheep is resting where once stood a battery of brass field-guns. Fences burned for camp-fires have been replaced by new ones; no scattered cracker boxes, no broken army wagons, no limping mules, no mark of tent or of camp litter remain in the grassy fields bordering the road where a few years previously tens of thousands of armed men had bivouacked. Gone are all these, the glittering guns, the caissons and cannon, the army and the tramping sentry.

Our travellers move now more slowly, the white pike turns grey in the deepening twilight, the grass-grown fields change to black and the foliage beside the pike loses its colour. Now come sights and sounds that mark the very ending of the day. Dusk turns to night. A graceful rain-crow flits across the way and moans her expressionless cry as she seeks the depths of an adjacent thicket. A solitary bat flaps into the sky and vanishes. From a pond across the valley come the cries of frogs, some deep and guttural, others shrill, and others still, unlike either croak or chirp, appear to sound in harmony with the complaint uttered by the sombre rain-crow. From out the bushes close before the three travellers a tiny creature now leaps into the dust of the pike, stops and sits upright. The man drops his sack, grasps the arm of the woman tremblingly, and the human figures stand gazing at the tiny form cringing in the dust at their feet. But not long does the creature rest; its curiosity is quickly satisfied, or its message quickly given. The wondering rabbit sinks again into the dust, speeds *across the road*, and disappears in the weeds.

Never a word does the old man speak, no word is uttered by either man or woman or child. Slowly turning, the pilgrims retrace their steps, dragging their coarse shoes wearily in the deep dust of the pike back to the silent fort, no longer to be seen in the darkness; back to the ravine bordered by the yellow rifle-pits, now invisible. As they enter the shades of the gloomy hollow the cry of a hoot-owl breaks upon the air; it comes from a shrub within the solitary fort, now on their left; then, from a dead beech-tree that rises above the graves of the soldiers behind the rifle-pits on the crest of the other hill, resounds the answering cry of the old owl's mate. The woman touches the man on his left shoulder, and he turns, to catch sight of the tiny crescent moon shining through the limbs of a dead shrub. Again the old woman touches his shoulder, *his left shoulder,* and points to the brush-screened new moon. No word is uttered, no word is needed; the lonely backward tread is resumed.

Leaving these things and scenes, the foot-sore travellers pass the toll-gate on the crest of the hill and retrace their steps down into the lighted city—the Queen City.

That night the travellers rested with a negro friend who lived in Rat Row, and the next morning turned their footsteps down the Ohio River. They tramped along the shore by easy journey, stopping often to rest, never at a loss for lodging places, until they reached a point opposite Carrollton, where they called

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the ferryman and crossed the river. From this point they struck back into Kentucky, following the road that parallels the beautiful and picturesque Kentucky River until Carrollton was left far in the rear. From this point they struck into the hills and moved in the direction of Stringtown. "Et wah a long way 'roun'," said Cupe, "but de rabbet knows ets bisness. De longes' way 'roun' am de safes' way home ef de rabbet cross de paff."

(*To be continued.*)

ON A GAELIC HILLSIDE

I would I were on that lone hill
  Beyond the silent waters,
Where after death and exile still
  Come Erin's sons and daughters.
For moonlight thither draws my soul
  With witchery so tender,
That oh, I fain would break the chain
  Which binds my days in sad control
To gain its tear-stained splendour.

Old Gaels of many times and lands
  Its ghostly cohort numbers;
Their bones are on a thousand strands,
  But their souls scorn exiled slumbers.
From fields of blood and coral bar,
  From pauper grave and royal
The same moon lights by holy nights
  To that dim mountain haunt afar
Their gentle souls and loyal.

Through those grey uplands would I rove
  When night mists weave their wonder,
Clasped hand in hand with thee, O Love,
  Whom oceans from me sunder;
So wan the firefly shall not know
  Our cheeks with tear-beams glisten;
The gossamer shall feel no stir,
  Nor dewy cobweb come to woe,
Nor field-mouse pause to listen.

And not a shadow there shall mar
  The moonlit hill's smooth pillow,
Nor warm breath mount to where the star
  Peers through the phantom billow;
But light of love and love-warmth there
  Our melting souls shall squander
On bog and moor, on hovel poor
  Whence gleams the blesséd taper's prayer
Down where the marsh lights wander.

Thomas Walsh.

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BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have brought out a massive-looking volume entitled *The American Business Woman,* by John Howard Cromwell, Ph.B., LL.B., counsellor-at-law, which is calculated to awe the average business woman. We fancy that the author looks upon a business woman as a nice, middle-aged person of considerable weight and very large means, who should be solemnly guided in her investments and in the preservation and accumulation of property. However, every woman, whether young or old, should read the chapter on Bank Accounts and profit thereby; as a woman with a bank-book is sometimes an amusing spectacle.

The many readers of Lillian Bell's contributions will have an admirable opportunity to judge whether her idea of humour is their idea of humour when they have read *As Seen by Me.* Under this title the author has described in an amusing and sometimes frivolous manner her recent trip to Europe. The Messrs. Harper and Brothers are the publishers of this little volume.

The same firm also publish *A Diplomatic Woman,* by Huan Mee, which is obviously a *nom de guerre.* This is the story of a beautiful and tactful young woman who relates her various experiences as an *intrigante* in diplomatic circles in foreign countries. The chapter entitled "Prince Ferdinand's Entanglement" describes the most entertaining adventure in this diplomatic woman's career.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company are the publishers of *Oh, What a Plague is Love!* by Katharine Tynan. This author continues to turn out love stories with wonderful rapidity.

Mr. Edwin S. Gorham has succeeded Messrs. James Pott and Company in their retail business. He also announces himself as a publisher. A reprint of *All He Knew,* by John Habberton, has just been brought out by Mr. Gorham. *All He Knew* has strong religious tendencies and is quite unlike the once popular *Helen's Babies.*

A Triple Flirtation is a volume of short stories which bears the imprint of the Abbey Press. The author, Mr. L. M. Elshemus, is also an artist, and the illustrations are from his pen. The stories are well suited to the silly season.

A new writer, whose work will first appear in the *Century Magazine* for August, is Miss Bertha Runkle, the daughter of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, who is well known through her editorial connection with the New York *Tribune.* Miss Runkle has written a romantic novel, entitled *The Helmet of Navarre,* the scene of which is laid in Paris during the siege by Henry of Navarre. The story will run serially in the *Century.*

Among Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company's recent publications are *Uncle Sam Abroad,* by J. E. Conner, and two novels which savour of the sensational: *The Woman That's Good,* by Harold Richard Vynne, and *Bishop Pendle,* by Fergus Hume.

The author of *American Fungi,* from the press of the Bowen-Merrill Company, is Captain Charles McIlvaine, President of the Philadelphia Mycological Centre, who is recognised as the world's authority on the subject of which he writes.

The Damnation of Theron Ware, by Harold Frederic, is being dramatised by the author of *Way Down East,* which had a success during the past winter. The dramatic qualities of the book are so obvious that it should make a hit upon the stage, and the character of Theron Ware is vigorous enough and subtle enough to tax the ability of the cleverest actor.

A Friend of Cæsar, by W. Stearns Davis, ran into a second edition within a week of its publication.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers are about to publish cheap uniform editions of the most popular English authors. Each volume, except when issued anonymously, will contain a frontispiece portrait of its author in sepia tint on imitation India paper.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, as we have already said, is to be entitled *Quisante.* We understand that in this particular case it will not be used serially, but will be published for the first time in book form. It may be looked for in the autumn. The Frederick A. Stokes Company will be the publishers.

The collector of "first numbers"

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should look out for *The Cornhill Booklet,* a monthly magazine of the *Chap-Book* order which is being issued in Boston. Each number will be devoted to some complete piece of literature, not necessarily original. The first number will contain Eugene Field's "The Tribune Prince" and the second "Occasional Poems," by Rudyard Kipling, with a facsimile letter and portrait.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne was fifty-four on June 22. He was intended for a civil engineer, but after practising as such for two years he gave that profession up in favour of literature. He is novelist, journalist, historical writer, and biographer, and, we need not say, the son of the author of *The Scarlet Letter.* His capacity for rapid writing is very great; it is stated that once he wrote a novel, containing thirty-five thousand words, in four days.

The Macmillan Company have in press a work on *Historical Jurisprudence* by Guy Carleton Lee, of the historical department of the Johns Hopkins University. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the systematic study of the growth of law. The contributions of each race to the science of jurisprudence are traced from the earliest records that have come to light in the valleys of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Nile.

Richard Henry Stoddard, writing of *The Last Lady of Mulberry,* by Henry Wilton Thomas, says that the author "has enlarged Greater New York as Dickens enlarged London by his stories of poor life," which is certainly a remarkable tribute from a veteran man of letters to a young writer.

In securing the photographs which illustrate his *Bird Studies with a Camera,* recently published by the Appletons, Frank M. Chapman travelled over ten thousand miles, and his account of his experiences combines in an unusual manner the charm of sport and adventure and the value of an original contribution to ornithology and photography.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE KENDALS. By T. Edgar Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

HENRY IRVING. By Charles Hiatt. George Bell & Sons.

Two books on the drama which should have an interest to the extremely broad-minded student of human nature. The interest of these two books is largely of the naïve sort. They lack any such distinction of style or of thought as would irritate the democratic flesh. The phrase which is in common vogue is used whether it exactly expresses a meaning or not. Form is nobly disregarded; paragraphing is refreshingly arbitrary and the materials are strung along with little reference to whether they nicely fit, whether they are significant and interesting or not.

Any suspicion of indiscretion in throwing light on the character of the actor written about is conscientiously avoided. There is much taste shown in steering clear of subjects which come near enough the lives and characters of the actors to reveal something of any moment. Consequently, whatever is unfavourable in the line of criticism or of incident is tactfully left out. A praiseworthy sense of morality and goodness is particularly noticeable in the book on *The Kendals.* The virtue of that worthy pair is appreciated at its full value—without a trace of cynicism or over-refinement of thought, and in just the every-day language of sentimental men and women. It is in line with the large intelligence of Bouguereau or of Carlo Dalci, only put into far more naïve artistic shape—so ingenuous and simple, indeed, that the shape is not only not obtrusive, but even not apparent.

Some of the remarks and related incidents with which the book abounds, and which bring out exclusively the greatness and goodness of the Kendals and the piety of the author, may be found edifying in the re-telling, although it is their number which lend to the volume its cumulative intensity of goodness. What the author calls a "touching episode," one illustrative of the "woman's heart" of Mrs. Kendal, was in connection with the production of *East Lynne.* Mr. Kendal was confronted with the unpleasant prospect of kissing a "stage child" who had a "pitiable eruption" about the mouth. He consequently asked for a substitute, but Mrs. Kendal saw "tears gather in the little one's eyes," and arranged to have the "poor mite" go through the scene after the curtain had dropped.

Speaking of children, Mrs. Kendal, shortly

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after the death of her own child, was playing a mother's part in *East Lynne,* "when the memory of another tiny bed and another piteous little face affected her so strongly that she momentarily broke down with real emotion." A woman in the audience ("no doubt," said the author, parenthetically, "a mother herself") cried out, "No more! no more!"

Another interesting parenthesis, suggesting the expressive humanity of our author, is "John Hollingshead . . . engaged the Kendals . . . and the late (ah, how sad it is that in a book like this one should so often have to write 'the late'!) Mr. Arthur Cecil, then . . . fast flying into popularity."

After Mrs. Kendal had made an address on actors, the critics assailed her, very unjustly. "The venomous stings of her coarse assailants must have caused irritation," said the author. "In the pathetic words of King Lear, she might have said:

> The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see they bark at me.

But she preserved her dignified silence until the angry storm had passed away, barely leaving behind it the mud of its own making." In the sweetness of his heart the gentle author adds: ". . . A certain class of press men do not realise the trouble caused by their thoughtlessly written diatribes;" and in another part of the book: "She is taken advantage of by the experienced and stony-hearted interviewer."

An excellent sentiment with which this book is saturated comes out beautifully in the discussion of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* which the Kendals once played, to the horror of many matrons. But the author points out that Mr. Kendal, not his wife, was responsible for the selection. Then about "the hapless lady 'with a past'" he speaks in heartfelt fashion:

"It is not a satisfactory state of things, for, poor thing, her story must, under any circumstances, be a very sad one. Her existence is not to be ignored, but I cannot think that many people want to see her in a play. Women always want to avoid her, and men regard her from different points of view."

Considerable weight is placed upon the harmless home life of the Kendals. "Mrs. Kendal loves her home, and she loves it to be homely."

"What can be pleasanter," wrote Mrs. Kendal, "than sitting round a huge fire, cooking chestnuts (!), with all the children, and if a friend calls, however grand his or her status may be, no one is too proud to partake of chestnuts . . . amid the laughter of young people and children, who, fresh from school, love spending a cold, frosty afternoon at cooking nuts—oh, those nuts!"

In the last chapter, as a kind of a final benediction, we have: "Yes—without perhaps quite realising it—the Kendals have to their fullest extent exercised their power of 'making others happy.' . . . By their consummate art the Kendals have dried many tears and have revivified many smiles; and although they may not be conscious of it, their names are as household words among the multitudes who, all unknown to them, have learned to love them."

The Kendals are pre-eminent not only as moral human beings, but also as artists. The habitual method of the book is to take up Mrs. Kendal's acting in each play, praise it and then, as a kind of a supplement, speak of the "stanch," "sturdy" or "manly" acting of Mr. Kendal. The author is consistently kind throughout, and says absolutely nothing that could in any way ruffle the feelings of the most sensitive histrionic temperament.

Another touching proof of the general spirit of moral integrity with which the book is written are the long lists of tours inserted. We discover in what American towns the Kendals have acted, the names of the theatres, the number of nights and the dates. It is not put in for trivial amusement, but to show "how much work, both in travelling and acting, they gave themselves to do." It may be surprising to some, but this book was, judging by the name, not written by a woman.

Henry Irving is less moral than *The Kendals,* but that is, perhaps, because of the subject. It contains, however, quite as few anecdotes of merely frivolous interest and quite as little criticism. In one respect, however, it is superior to *The Kendals;* the information about tours and names of plays and actors is fuller and drier. Where it falls far behind is in the sentiment and the unconscious fun of *The Kendals.*

Hutchins Hapgood.

THE WAYS OF MEN. By Eliot Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Eliot Gregory has afforded from time to time a good deal of harmless diversion to those who have read his sketchy little essays as they appeared in the form of newspaper articles over the signature "An Idler." He has now produced for the second time a volume of them, gathered together and published with no particular sequence or correlation.

The book, as a book, would be better worth

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reading had Mr. Gregory cut it down by about one-half, so as to exclude a number of papers which are frothy to a degree, or utterly *banal.* Such, for example, is the initial paper on "Uncle Sam," which, by the way, opens with a misstatement of fact, and the one on "Idling in Mid-Ocean," which is a good subject spoiled by amateurish treatment. Perhaps the worst thing to be said about Mr. Gregory, as it is the one thing that is always in evidence, is this same amateurishness. He is so fond of quotation marks, and so oppressively obvious in many things which he says, and his humour so frequently miscarries, that one feels an uncontrollable desire to edit his performances into some literary shape that will make his general good sense and powers of observation more thoroughly effective. However, there is not a little excellent material in his latest book, and some of this material has been very satisfactorily treated. We may particularly mention as deserving to be read, the papers on "Some American Husbands," on "Etiquette at Home and Abroad," on "Pre-palatial Newport," and on "The Dinner and the Drama." In these and in some others that we might recall, there is to be found a great deal of shrewdness, intelligence, and experience, with here and there a caustic touch that is thoroughly well deserved, as, for instance, in the essay on "American Husbands." This last-named essay is thoroughly sound and sensible, and contains an immense amount of truth conveyed in a tone of gentle raillery. There are one or two rather dangerous hints in it also, which the American husband would do well to note and profit by, for the danger that we have in mind is danger only to the insufferable type of wife that our country produces in swarms. Here is one of those little hints:

> The few benedicts who have had the courage to break away from these conditions and amuse themselves with yachts, salmon rivers, or "grass-bachelor" trips to Europe, while secretly admired by the women, are frowned upon in society as dangerous examples likely to sow the seeds of discontent among their comrades. . . . It is the rebellious husband who is admired and courted, however. A curious trait of human nature compels admiration for whatever is harmful, and forces us, in spite of our better judgment, to depreciate the useful and beneficent. The coats-of-arms of all countries are crowded with eagles and lions that never yet did any good, living or dead; orators enlarge on the fine qualities of these birds and beasts, and hold them up as models, while using as terms of reproach the name of the goose or the cow, creatures that minister in a hundred ways to our wants. Such a spirit has brought helpful, productive, "better halves" to the humble place they now occupy in the eyes of our people.

Mr. Gregory does not often indulge in epigram, but occasionally he makes what is apparently a good one, as, for instance, in speaking of marriage in this country, he says that "it may be laid down as a maxim that a man marries to obtain a home and the girl to get away from one; hence, disappointment on both sides." Now, when we come to analyse this epigram, it is illogical and self-contradictory, for it is impossible that both should be disappointed; since if the man who marries fails to obtain a home because his wife is always gadding, then the wife at least is not disappointed, while if the wife for any reason is unable to gad, then the husband *does* obtain a home.

On the whole, Mr. Gregory's flights are not made with a very powerful pinion; but, all the same, one may dip casually here and there into his too numerous pages, and always find something or other that is ingenious or interesting or suggestive. *H. T. P.*

NOVEL NOTES

SENATOR NORTH. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

As the result of Mrs. Atherton's last visit to America, we have from her pen a political novel of the present day with Washington as the background. If we should take Mrs. Atherton's political attitude too seriously, we should find ourselves in disagreement with her point of view as expressed by Senator North. But a woman's political bias is not a very serious matter; for, as the author herself wisely remarks, "Women see political questions, as they see all life, through the eyes of some man. If he is not their lover, he is a public character for whom they have a pleasing sentiment." Every good American is interested in Washington, in its political aspects and in its social aspects, and *Senator North* in many ways is one of the best novels of Washington life that have as yet been written. Betty Madison is the heroine. She is twenty-seven if becomingly attired, but thirty-five in a certain black gown which she puts on when she wishes to quell a man's passion for her. Mrs. Atherton has endowed this heroine of hers with a better poise and

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with a saner mind than belong to some of her heroines of former days. "Betty Madison, having something of the intuitive faculty, in addition to that knowledge of man which any girl of twenty-seven who has had much love offered her must possess, made fewer mistakes even in the thick of a throbbing brain than most women make; the great danger she did not foresee until time had accustomed her somewhat to the wonder of being able to love at last, and Reason had resumed her place in a singularly clear and logical mind." Betty loved Senator North, a man of sixty, and a married man at that, and the senator loved Betty. But their love is not marred by wrong thinking or wrong doing. "She was ready to live a life of celibacy for his sake; she delighted in his mind, and knew that had it been commonplace, she could not have loved him did he have every other gift in the workshop of the gods. . . . There was nothing fine about him that she did not appreciate and love him the more exaltedly for; and yet she knew that had he been without strong passions, she would have loved him for none of these things. For of such is love between man and woman when they are of the highest types that nature has produced. Betty hated the thought of sin as she hated vulgarity, and did not contemplate it for a moment; but if she had roused but the calm affection of this man, she would have been as miserable as for the hour, at least, she was happy." It is certainly an unusual love story—the pure love of a young woman for a man more than thirty years her senior, and yet perhaps nearer to life than many of the romances where the hero is young and handsome and who too frequently bears the name of Guy. We had a pessimistic moment when we wondered how many years such an ideal love could exist, and just at that moment Mrs. Atherton calmly made way with Mrs. North, and virtue had its reward. The book is full of interest, and to the serious minded there will be found food for reflection in the character of Harriet, the illegitimate child of mixed blood, and in the tragedy which overshadows her life.

F. M. H.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By Blanche Willis Howard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The second posthumous novel by Blanche Willis Howard adds nothing to the reputation of the deceased author. It is lachrymose in the extreme, and Monica, the heroine, knows little but sorrow. In the whole book there is an undercurrent of unrest and of a struggle against the inevitable things of life. In the opening chapters there are some touching passages which dwell upon the love of Monica for Keith and of Monica's love for her mother. Keith is not free, and the mother, having strong convictions in regard to divorce, persuades her daughter to leave the country and the man whom she loves. Whatever happens in real life, we are usually disappointed when the women of fiction are not true to their first loves. In fact, we rather like to be hoodwinked in the world of the emotions. We allowed ourselves to grow sentimental over Monica's sacrifice, and we can hardly be blamed for feeling aggrieved against the author when she ushers us into a new train of thought and lets us see Monica giving her love to another man, who brings to her an added sorrow. It is a pathetic story, with a glint here and there of the author's old-time humour, but it is not convincing.

THE MONK AND THE DANCER. By Arthur Cosslett Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50

This is the season of the hammock, the piazza and the short story. *The Monk and the Dancer* contains a half dozen stories, the most pretentious of which gives the title to the book. Brother Angelo is a monk at the abbey of La Trappe, at Straoneli, and the first woman to cross his path is Dolores, the beautifully seductive Spanish dancer. He leaves the monastery to follow her. His innocence and good looks appeal to her for a while, and she keeps him by her side. But, as she says to herself:

> We kiss the hand that strikes us. We prefer an order to a request. Strength, audacity, force, a kiss and a blow, those are the things we like. A man must keep us women on our knees. If he lets us up, we are apt to walk away. Even you, my friend, if it were not for your beauty, might in time grow monotonous. You never contradict me. You treat me as if I were a saint rather than a woman. If I touch your hand, I feel you tremble. That is good. It is your French blood; but you are also half Arab, and should know how to make me tremble. Arabs manage women and horses very well.

So one day Angelo finds a note from Dolores, containing just two words: "Forget me." She has gone to Juan—the man who knows how to strike. It is the pathetic little story of the love of a man and the cruelty of a woman, and it is far superior to the other stories in the collection. In the last sketch, "The Eye of the Harem," the author just misses it. It is a satire on a bishop of the Church, but it is not very well done.

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THE THINGS THAT COUNT. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

This is essentially a young woman's story, and one that could not by any chance appeal to a man. The author, we judge, is a bright young American woman who knows a good deal about becoming gowns and dainty little love scenes and dialogue which sparkles now and then. She has undoubtedly made copy of life as she sees it, and her heroine is a girl's heroine. She is pretty, of course, and full of the charm which attracts all men, and also full of the tricks which cause many men to make love to her. Miss Tompkins does not attempt to idealise her. She lets us into her little secrets, and she even allows us to witness a humiliating scene when Evelyn openly confesses her love for a man who cannot respond to her advances. *The Things That Count* is the work of an amateur, of a woman who undoubtedly can write a better short story than a long story; but, as we said, it will interest the young woman who reads to be entertained. She will discover many true things about herself, and she will think, "How very clever Miss Tompkins must be to have understood my complex nature." She will not, however, recommend the story to any young man for whose benefit she is displaying some of the tricks which Evelyn uses to such advantage. And in order that the said young woman shall not be deprived of the real pleasure which this story is sure to give her, we refrain from saying what it is all about.

HILDA WADE. By Grant Allen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Of course everybody will call Hilda Wade a feminine Sherlock Holmes. It seems, therefore, quite fitting that it should be Dr. Conan Doyle who gave the finishing touches to the story when Grant Allen was upon his deathbed. Hilda Wade herself very strongly resembles Miss Cayley, but, in addition to her firmness of will and her indomitable courage, she is endowed with an intuitive faculty and a second sight which enable her to carry out successfully an almost impossible undertaking. Professor Sebastian is the polished villain of the story.

The greatest authority in Europe on comparative anatomy, now that Huxley was taken from us, he had devoted his later days to the pursuit of medicine proper, to which he brought a mind stored with luminous analogies from the lower animals. His very appearance held one. Tall, thin, erect, with an ascetic profile not unlike Cardinal Manning's, he represented that abstract form of asceticism which consists in absolute self-sacrifice to a mental idea, not that which consists in religious abnegation. . . . Wherever he went men turned to stare at him. In Paris they took him for the head of the English Socialists; in Russia they declared he was a Nihilist emissary. And they were not far wrong—in essence; for Sebastian's stern, sharp face was above all things the face of a man absorbed and engrossed by one overpowering pursuit in life—the sacred thirst of knowledge, which had swallowed up his entire nature.

Professor Sebastian was the head master at St. Nathaniel's Hospital, whither Nurse Wade went to be his assistant. The chapters which tell of the medical skill of the professor and which describe the various operations are interesting reading, although they belong more properly to Grant Allen, the scientist, than to Grant Allen, the novelist. Hilda Wade is persuaded in her heart that Professor Sebastian has committed a crime, and in order that her dead father's name shall be cleared she turns detective. She hounds the professor until—but that is Grant Allen's secret. The story is full of thrilling adventures in South Africa and in India; of exciting experiences on land and on sea. The evil genius of the professor follows Hilda from one country to another, but she outwits him at every turn. Evidently this feminine Sherlock Holmes is too much for any man. She fills the reader's heart with admiration, and the improbable situations do not disturb us in the least. We are prepared for these. Like *Miss Cayley's Adventures,* the story is far too long, but in spite of this defect it is full of amusing incidents, and if the reader has nothing else to do he will follow Hilda until her enemy is vanquished.

AS THE LIGHT LED. By James Newton Baskett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Baskett evidently chose the title of this story from the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light." It is also evident that Mr. Baskett knows more about religion and prairie farms than he does about novel writing. His story is remarkable in many respects. The opening chapters give the minute details of denominational differences, and the question of creeds is the primal cause of a quarrel between Nannie Ditmer and Bent Hinkman. This boy and girl are sweethearts from childhood, and their quarrels are the most natural aspects of the story. These quarrels are very serious things indeed, and finally culminate in a case of brain fever (that star feature in certain novels) for Nannie, which, of course, brings Bent to his knees. This episode should have ended the story, but instead there are other troubles to come. Nannie goes to a boarding-school, becomes in-

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terested in a man of culture and grows away from her farmer lover. More heroics follow. Nannie dismisses the man of culture and marries Bent. Now, surely, this should have been the end. Not at all. Mr. Baskett has much more to say about their children and their children's children, until we wonder what his purpose is in writing all this. The book is loosely constructed. It gives one the impression that the author did not have any fixed ideas when he began to write, and that before he had written much his characters had run away with him.

BEQUEATHED. By Beatrice Whitby. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

We have learned to know that Miss Whitby will not disappoint us, that she will always prove entertaining and satisfactory and thorough. She does not overtax our credulity by picturing for us passionate and uncommon men and women; she does not injure our hearts by flurrying us with wild scenes and chaotic moods; her characters are, as a rule, persons we may put a finger upon among our own acquaintance; but Miss Whitby has a story to tell about them, and she tells it with a freshness, a simplicity, and a finish which are admirable. This is—to use the title of one of her own volumes—"a matter of skill"; it is the sign that an artist is behind the persons presented, and neither detail nor whole is ever allowed to bore. The hero and heroine of *Bequeathed*—Richard Tempest and Letice Wykeham—are lovable and always interesting; but it is to the heroine's father, Gilbert Wykeham, and her grandmother, "Madam," that we give our highest praise; there is a subtle strength about the handling of both these characters which is very impressive. We knew before that Miss Whitby was clever at picturing old ladies, but she has not often done better than with "Madam," while the young father is drawn with intellect and knowledge.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1900.

June publications showed a noticeable falling off in quantity as compared with the output of recent months, but for the season of the year contained an exceptional number of attractive titles, particularly in the field of fiction. *Boy, a Sketch,* by Marie Corelli, is already in considerable demand. *The Green Flag,* by A. C. Doyle, *The Heart's Highway,* by Mary E. Wilkins, and *The Isle of the Winds,* by S. R. Crockett, are selling readily, while *A Friend of Cæsar,* by W. S. Davis, is probably exceeding the expectations of the publishers. *The Reign of Law,* by James Lane Allen, now announced for immediate publication, has had a large advance sale and bids fair to be the leading book of the summer trade. Miscellaneous publications for the month, while fairly representative of all departments of literature, contained, in addition to several new outdoor books, an exceptional number of works on subjects connected with topics of the day, and while the demand for none of these is large, it may be expected that in the near future much interest will be shown in books relating to China. Already several new ones have been issued and others are in course of preparation. The most popular at present are *Village Life in China,* by A. H. Smith; *China, the Long-Lived Empire,* by E. R. Scidmore, and *China in Transformation,* by A. R. Colquhoun.

Campaign matters may now be looked for, and the different phases will undoubtedly be put in book form. The various sides of the trust problem seem most likely to be largely dealt with. Sales at present are generally confined to the popular fiction of the day, and comparatively little else is being sold. *To Have and to Hold* continues its remarkable sale, and *The Voice of the People* and *Resurrection* are also in very good demand. Textbook business is practically at a standstill with the closing of the schools, with the exception of a few large orders which are being placed for fall sales by the few dealers who still handle these books. Library trade, however, continues very good; in fact, any library which attempts in these days to represent on its shelves even a fair proportion of the new publications is necessarily a frequent and heavy purchaser.

One of the interesting features of the business at this season is the preparation by the publishers for the fall trade. Most of them have their samples ready, and are sending their representatives to Chicago for the annual book fair held there in July. While there are no very startling novelties, the standard of excellence of former years is fully maintained, and notwithstanding the increase in cost of manufacture, low prices for the quality of output will be noticeable. While European guidebooks are always in demand at this time of year, the present season's sales are in excess of those of former years, Paris and Exposition guides being most. The list of best-selling books for the month past consists exclusively of fiction, and is otherwise conspicuous in that there is no change from last month other than in their order of popularity.

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To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Voice of the People. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Sophia, an Historical Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By B. Tarkington. $1.50.
Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.
Resurrection. By L. Tolstoy. $1.50.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.
Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1900.

At this time of the year it is customary among booksellers to view business largely from a comparative standpoint, and it is therefore necessary to assume that the numerous reports of trade activity from different points have judged the matter in this way. Apart from this, however, the June trade was very satisfactory, and it is a long time since general miscellaneous business was so good at this season of the year. It was expected by many that the political situation would depress business, it being one of the traditions of the trade that Presidential years are bad for business. So far, however, business has not been affected to any material extent, and it is to be hoped that this satisfactory condition will continue. It is well to remember in this relation that 1892, one of the best business years of recent times, was a Presidential year.

The demand for books relating to the Boer-British war appears to be almost over, and but few calls were received last month. The Philippines also do not seem to interest the general public to any especial extent now, and the books upon this new acquisition, which sold so largely several months ago, now go very slowly. On the other hand, however, the call for books on China was most pronounced last month, and many rather heavy historical and descriptive works which have been heretofore considered slow stock are now selling quite briskly. A timely book upon this subject is *China, the Long-Lived Empire,* by Eliza R. Scidmore, which has just made its appearance. Nature books are still selling largely, as also are out-of-door books of all kinds. It is noticeable that each year the demand for this class of literature increases.

To Have and to Hold still leads in the list of best-selling books, and unless that position is wrested from it by *The Reign of Law,* it seems likely to head the list until the autumn books arrive. *Richard Carvel, David Harum, Janice Meredith* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* are again very prominent, with not much to choose between them. In fact, popular fiction went exceedingly well last month, and all of the books upon the list which follows of the best-selling books met with sales which for June were quite large. *The Redemption of David Corson* increased its sale very materially last month, and is rapidly making its way to the top. *Boy,* by Marie Corelli, was about the best from a selling point of view of the books issued last month. Other books, however, which deserve mention are *The Heart's Highway,* by Mary E. Wilkins; *The Isle of the Winds,* by S. R. Crockett; *The Banker and the Bear,* by H. K. Webster, and *The Man that Corrupted Hadleybury,* by Mark Twain. *McLoughlin and Old Oregon,* by Eva Emory Dye, met with a remarkably good sale last month for an historical work, which shows that the month's reading was not monopolised entirely by fiction.

The best-selling books last month were:
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.
Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
McLoughlin and Old Oregon. By Eva Emory Dye. $1.50.
The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
Deacon Bradbury. By E. A. Dix. $1.50.
The Redemption of David Corson. By Charles F. Goss. $1.50.
Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 21 to June 20, 1900.

The improvement in the book trade noted in last month's report has been sustained during the present month. There is, of course, somewhat of a slackness after the spring season, but the war does not now monopolise the market, and the trade appears to be resuming somewhat normal conditions. Among the books issued relating to the South African campaign there are perhaps two which call for special notice—*The Rise and Fall of Krugerism,* by J. Scoble and H. R. Abercrombie, and *An Absent-Minded War,* by a British officer. The former volume, uniform with *The Transvaal from Within,* has not approached its pendant in the extent of its hold upon the public, although it has attained a wide circulation. The latter volume has attracted a great deal of attention, and has been in constant demand. In biography, Sir Joseph Fayrer's *Recollections of My Life* has proved very successful.

Fiction, in the form of the six-shilling novel,

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has received quite a number of new additions, many of them being by already popular authors. There are, however, some of the older volumes which seem to rise superior to rivalry and enjoy a perpetual sunshine of popularity. Among the most recent arrivals are *Boy,* by Marie Corelli; *Voices in the Night,* by F. A. Steel; *The Sword of the King,* by R. Macdonald; *Ada Vernham,* by Richard Marsh; *Love and Mr. Lewisham,* by H. G. Wells, and *The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest,* by Sir H. Maxwell. The Temple Encyclopædic Primers have sold freely; they cover a wide range of subjects, and appeal to an extensive circle of readers. There have been several works on the subject of army reform, more or less sought after, but there are none at present which call for special mention.

Guide-books have certainly not been much in request this season, and although there are several attractive handbooks to Paris and the Exhibition, the sales have in no way reached expectations. General Baden-Powell has been much before the public in the reissue of his works, *The Matabele Campaign* and *The Downfall of Prempeh* as sixpenny reprints; both have sold freely. Among other additions to this class are *A Bid for Fortune,* by Guy Boothby, and *A Squatter's Dream,* by Rolf Boldrewood.

Magazine literature shows no sign of diminution. There are no fresh rivals for fame, but the sales of the existing issues still continue to be a prominent feature in the trade and entail a large amount of manual labour.

The subjoined is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:

The Rise and Fall of Krugerism. By Scoble and Abercrombie. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

An Absent-Minded War. By a British Officer. 1s. and 2s. 6d. (J. Milne.)

Voices in the Night. By Flora A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Ada Vernham, Actress. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (J. Long.)

Love and Mr. Lewisham. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)

Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Debts of Honour. By Maurus Jókai. 6s. (Jarrold.)

The Person in the House. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest. By Sir H. Maxwell. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

The Sword of the King. By R. Macdonald. 6s. (J. Murray.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1900, to July 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Knights of the Cross. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $2.00.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mistress Penwick. Payne. (Fenno.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.
4. The Green Flag. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75c.
5. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Grip of Honour. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00 net.
3. Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Green Flag. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. From Kingdom to Colony. Devereux. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.25.
2. Mistress Penwick. Payne. (Fenno.) $1.25.
3. Poor People. Friedman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. An Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Diana Tempest. Cholmondeley. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Knights of the Cross. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $2.00.
6. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Knights of the Cross. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.00.
6. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. How to Cook Husbands. Worthington. (Dodge Pub. Co.) $1.00.
6. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. How to Know the Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00 net.
2. Isle of the Winds. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Our Native Trees. Keeler. (Scribner.) $2.00 net.
5. Bird Neighbours. Blanchan. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

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5. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Isle of the Winds. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mind of Tennyson. Sneath. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Isle of the Winds. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Sky Pilot. Connor. Revell. $1.25.
6. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Garden of Eden. Howard. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Voices of the Night. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Grip of Honour. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (L. C. Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Senator North. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Garden of Eden. Howard. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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4. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Deacon Bradbury. E. A. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Monk and the Dancer. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Ben King Verse. King. (Forbes & Co.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Farringdons. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. London to Ladysmith. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. Toward Pretoria. Ralph. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Musson Book Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. The Natal Campaign. Burleigh. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75c. and $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. A Friend of Cæsar. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
3. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
4. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz, Jr. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75c.
6. Our Native Trees. Keeler. (Scribner.) $2.00.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart's Highway. Wilkins. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

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